# MAY I TOUCH U.

# MANITOU



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*Dear Reader,*

*"Literature is landscape on the desk; landscape is literature on the earth." This ancient Chinese epigram written by Chang Chao has been chosen as the theme for this year's Manitou, to illustrate the fact that writing today is related to the philosophies of the oriental people.*

*In their philosophy, the Orientals expressed the idea that writing should be like sailing clouds and flowing water. This was to give the same impression as a beautiful landscape.*

*Today, we hope that the writings found within the Manitou possess some of the grace and charm that are obvious in Chinese literature. Our wish is that you will enjoy this Manitou, a combination of landscape and literature.*

*The Editor*

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COVER and Oriental Designs by AIMEE PAQUE


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short story, honorable mention

# David Marcs

FOR SEVERAL WEEKS, we had heard about David—David Marcs to be precise. Rumors had been circulating around school as if they were going out of style, and everyone wanted to spread the final one.

We had heard that the Marcs family was going to open a clothing store at Park Plaza; other rumors placed Mr. Marcs as the executive director of advertising at Mirro Aluminum; while many people said that Mr. Marcs was just looking for a job.

Everyday, every period, new rumors were circulated, new lies were fabricated, but regardless of the rumors themselves, there was apprehension in the air.

The same questions were asked over and over again. What would David Marcs be like? What type of clothing would he wear? Why did he want to come to Manitowoc and to Lincoln?

On December third the rumors would end, the questions could be answered, for on that day David Marcs was to become another member of the Lincoln student body.

October slipped into November. Homecoming was over, the football season had ended, seniors were having love problems with juniors, sophomores kept asking for rides, and the first report cards were sent home.

November slipped into December. The basketball season had begun, the TWIRP Dance had been held, the seniors were still having love problems with the juniors, the sophomores still could not get rides, and the second period report cards had been issued.

As that eventful day approached, we still could hear over ten different rumors which were circulating throughout the school. The gossip kept spreading and there was tension in the air.

December third, 1960. It was cold that day. Although the sun shown magnificently, traces of a very light snowfall could be seen on our once verdant bowl, and the wind ripped through the barren trees. But no one noticed the snow; no one noticed the sun; no one was even concerned about the biting cold or the wind. No one was concerned about practically anything, for David Marcs was to enter Lincoln High School.

As the first bell rang, we entered our classrooms rather reluctantly. Apparently David had decided not to enroll until the classes had begun.

Even now the incessant questions could still be heard. What would David Marcs be like? What type of clothing would he wear? Why did he want to come to Manitowoc and to Lincoln?

David registered during the second period. After the bell ending the second hour had resounded, and we marched mechanically out of our classes, excitement could be seen and felt in the halls.

David Marcs had arrived! Our questions and our rumors could be answered, and our images would be made real.

I didn't have the opportunity to see David between second and third hour, but my opportunity came that day, after three long apprehensive months of waiting, during the fourth hour.

When David entered the library, I didn't even need to look away from my studies in order to tell it was he. The library had suddenly grown deathly quiet; slowly all the eyes in the room focused upon him.

by art muchin '61

Dave appeared to be about 6 feet 3 inches tall. His black hair was chopped close to the thin and oval shape of his face. His eyes were a very dark brown. The green and black button-down shirt which he wore protruded slightly from his light green ivy league pants, and his square-toed black loafers had a new polish on them.

From all appearances, Dave appeared to be just an average high school student, but I was wondering whether he would be accepted as one.

For the next few weeks, Dave became adjusted to Lincoln, and more importantly, Lincoln adjusted to him.

This "adjustment period" wasn't easy. Many students resented him and his presence at Lincoln. In fact, even several teachers seemed intent upon ridiculing him and making him the topic of unnecessary class conversations.

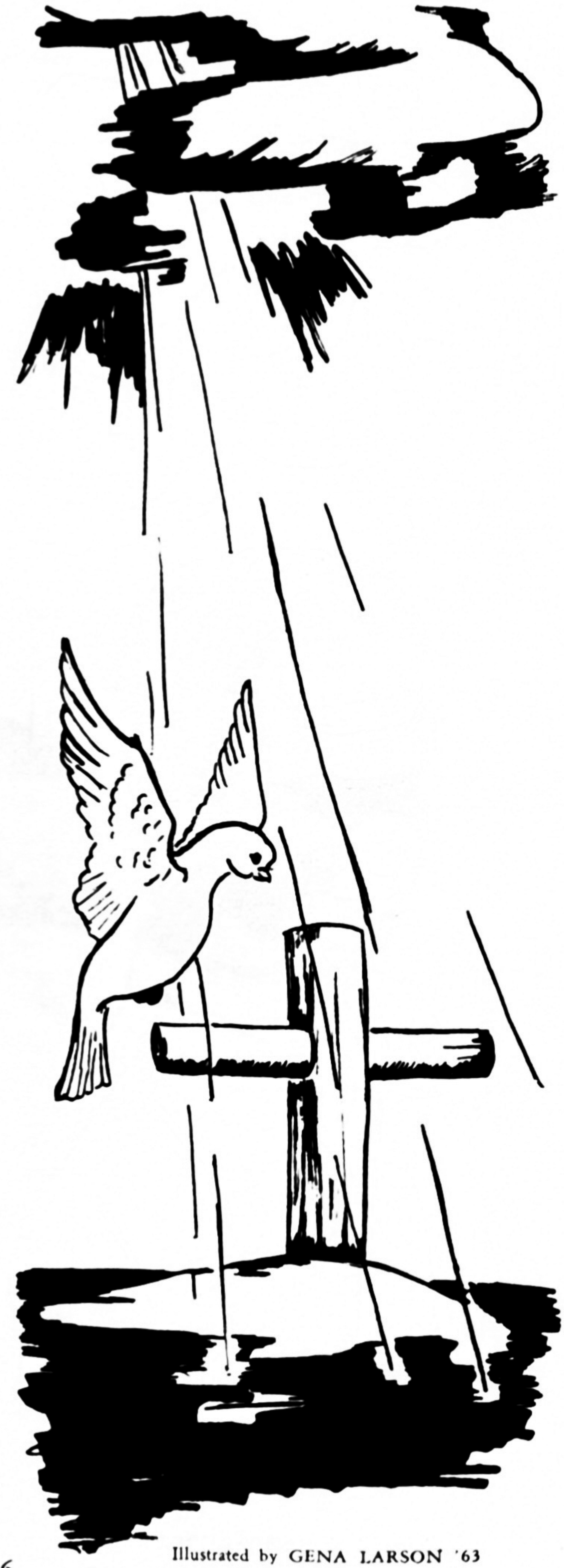
No, it wasn't easy. It took time for a few of the students to gather together enough courage just to speak to him. Gradually, however, after many weeks, most of Lincoln did accept him as just plain David Marcs.

You may have asked yourself why there was so much commotion over one new student. Hadn't other students entered without causing such a furor? Hadn't there been new students whose presence wasn't even noticed? Yes, this was true.

The reason David Marcs was so special could be found by examining his driver's license:

Name: David Anthony Marcs
Date of Birth: 3/13/43
Color of Eyes: Brown
Color of Hair: Black
Race: NEGRO

Illustrated by KATHY RAYFORD '62



Illustrated by GENA LARSON '63

sketch, third place

# THE CROSS

by william bender '61

HE CAME UP OUT OF the valley below. He was one who had helped to tame the land. He was known as a pioneer. Westward he drove his wagon over ruts and plains, against almost insurmountable odds, and over the bones of his fellow man. Bleached white in the sun, they reminded him of the deadliness of his game with nature and the Indian.

Accompanying him had been his pretty bride of three months. Yes, westward he had come to raise his family in the grass and earth of America. But he had lost his beloved and she was buried in a fresh grave on the hill. At the head of the grave standing over the pretty flowers of summer was a white cross.

The man reeled as if drunk. He was not drunk with whiskey, but with death. An arrowhead was buried deeply in his side. Slowly he made his way to the top of the hill and stopped at the grave. He reached out and touched the cross. Blood seeped out of his wound and covered the whiteness of the past.

Suddenly, realizing that he had done something wrong, he withdrew his hand. Turning, he forever left the scene to be lost in the woods below.

Morning changed to mid-morning and the sun gradually dried the blood on the cross. But the day was doomed to darkness as great anvil-shaped thunder clouds appeared. A warm wind arose and forecast a storm.

Gently and with a soft swish, the drops fell into the grass. With a soft tapping sound they hit the cross. The blood began to run and the whole cross was streaked with red. Steadily the rain came in a never-ending patter.

Toward evening the storm subsided and the rain ceased. The clouds opened up and sent long slanting streamers of light to the cross on the hill. The cross shone white as the day drew to a close. Just before dark a bird came and perched on the cross and told his story of a pure, peaceful world.

editorial, second place

# A CRITIC CRITICIZES A CRITIC

by gary weaver '61

ISN'T IT AMAZING that some teenagers of today already have a "philosophy of life," and they still have fifty more years of living? Perhaps you know a person with an accomplishment like this, and, if so, you have probably noticed that this person has a unique quality that few others have . . . the ability to criticize. He, in the broader sense of the word, is a critic. By having a "philosophy of life" he is capable of judging the problems and happenings of life and feels that he has the answer to all life's problems. He readily shows that he is the "answerman" to anyone wishing opinions or criticism and will attempt to judge everybody and everything but himself. I just wonder how many adults who were of this type have wondered how wonderful it would have been if all of life's problems had come when they were teenagers, when they knew all the answers.

A critic of good standing never fails to show himself in a discussion regardless of what the discussion is about. The critic in a teenage discussion is well-known for being witty and clever by running down the very thing that everyone likes and then raving about something that no one has ever heard of. Maybe this person is well justified in his opinions, but possibly a bit of tact would help him keep and gain more friends.

The sports critic is often found in the American high school and I'm certain you must know of one. He's the effervescent sports enthusiast who is always found to know more about sports than anyone else and who never misses a football or basketball game (that's at home). If you're an athlete you surely know him. He's the person who always makes a comment such as this after that winning game: "Boy, WE were great yesterday! WE really waxed 'em!" Then, after the team loses the game, you've heard him say, "What's da matter with YOU guys? Why'd YA lose?" He's the type of person who gets under your skin and crawls around.

The most common teenage critic is the person who seems to always have a comment about something just to prove his ignorance. His speech usually fills the air and vice versa. Maybe you're guilty of being a critic of this sort and, if not, I'm certain you've heard his remarks. The most typical comment of this character after hearing that someone likes classical music, is, "How can you stand dat 'long hair' stuff?" Or, you've certainly heard this comment he makes about the works of Shakespeare . . . "If thar's anything I hate, it's reading that 'Shakespeare jazz'." It's interesting to note that this person has normally only heard one or two pieces of classical music, which is hardly enough to "soothe the savage beast," and has read as a maximum only one of Shakespeare's works and has absorbed an unbelievably small amount of it. A critic? I wonder how valuable a critic. How can this person dare to open that big aperture on his face and make a comment about something that he's hardly been exposed to? And, what's more frightening is to think how much this "clod" is influencing other people. This is a case that confirms the statement, "A little learning is a dangerous thing."

Of course, I realize there are very good teenage critics and our society could never exist without critics. The points of a good critic are just as clear as those of a bad one. He's the type of person who thinks twice before speaking once. A good critic is determined and convinced of his opinion, but he doesn't try to force his opinion upon others without careful thought as to how he's going to keep his foot from sliding into his mouth. I could go on and on telling the characteristics of a valuable critic, but I think one word should be the watchword of a good critic and a person who wants to become a good critic . . . THINK.

poetry, second place tie

by ron detry '61

# HOMILY to homo sapiens

Mankind, how often you are blinded
by meager doings
And forget your frailty compared to the cosmos.
Ponder, meager creature, for what you have done
Loses all grandeur beside the doings of nature.
Ponder, frail creature! Ponder, and fear.

You have turned aside the flow of a river,
But Nature rules the turn of the tide, which
Even great King Canute could not do.
Stem the flow of streams, but await the turn of tide.
Ponder, frail creature! Ponder and fear.

You have traveled faster than the sound itself,
Yet Nature propels light across untapped space
At speeds so that the very passage of time
stands still.
Speed the world around, but never race the light
of rising sun.
Ponder, frail creature! Ponder and fear.

You tapped the atom and unleased its power,
But your puny bomb cannot match the fury
Of untamed hurricane and unchained typhoon.
Destroy nations and people, but still run before
the storm.
Ponder, frail creature- Ponder, and fear.

You venture upon the sea in "unsinkable" boats,
Yet how often has the angry sea shown your
stupidity?
Build what ships you will, cross what seas you will,
But if you anger Nature, then stand in awe of
the tempest.
Ponder, frail creature! Ponder, and fear.

You claim to move mountains with your machines,
Yet if Nature shake the earth and send your
frail homes
And flimsy bridges crashing about you, you are
powerless.
Move a mountain if you can, and Nature will
move a continent.
Ponder, frail creature! Ponder, and fear.

Mankind, mankind, will you never learn to
Remember your place? You are blinded by your ego,
Your senses dulled by conceit and your mind
twisted
By the force of pride. Will you never learn?
Ponder, frail creature! Ponder, and remember.

Remember you are but a speck in the macrocosm,
A part of a larger and unchangeable plan
Created in the mind of God and ruled by
His hand.
Cast not aside God, or suffer the final fury
of the Creator.
Remember, frail creature! Remember, and
understand.

Understand your place in the plan of God.
With all your philosophy and science to learn,
Forget not God and love of neighbor.
Understand the "Golden Rule", understand love
and friendship.
Understand, frail creature! Understand, and
then survive.

Illustrated by JOHN HEFFERNAN '61

essay, first place

# BREAKAWAY

by joe klug '61

AS THE BLUSTERY winter season dawdles along, various humors visit a person and leave him frantic and impatient for the balmy summer days. The more I entertain a particular yearning, the more enticing it appears. During winter days and nights it represents to me the ease and idleness of summer.

However, summer school vacations are now of the past. This year I will graduate. I don't know if the thought delights or terrifies me. No more will I be carefree; instead I'll have to take my place in this frenzied, insane society. Can I keep up with the maniac force in making the wheels of progress surge forward? Am I ready to sacrifice myself to the production monster, to work and sweat from sunrise to sunset, day in and day out? Do I want to be one of the thousands being released every evening through the company gates, with lunch pail under arm, to reel dizzily home for sleep? However, someday I will have to take my place with the laboring forces. When the monotony and tension becomes too great, I'll escape temporarily and leave my job and the sweating, cursing crews for a fast night ride.

Driving at night has always had a special and peculiar attraction for me. Frequently, I dream of speeding a rather new car along Highway 10 during the night, on and on 'til I am worn out. Some sunny afternoon in July or August, I would prepare for my ride by filling the gas tank, setting the alarm for one o'clock in the morning, and then going to bed early in the evening. Alone with the alarm, I'd rise, clean up, and eat. Forty-five minutes later, with the house restored to its former stillness, I would be backing out of the driveway.

Making a left turn and heading west on Highway 10, I would find a radio station playing music of a completely different nature from my usual daytime likings. I would try tuning in WWL, WOWO, KMOX, or some Chicago station playing slow monotonous night club instrumentals. Similar to the music, the disk jockey would be a slow, sleepy-voiced man who, between records, repeats lifeless jokes, reads drab commercials, or speculates on the coming days weather, but otherwise says little or nothing.

Highway 10 is a good road for such an escape due to its loneliness during the early morning hours. Noiselessly, I would accelerate through Branch, Whitelaw, Cato and Grimms. Bypassing Reedsville, I would nose the car towards Brillion and Forest Junction. In Appleton, an hour after starting, I would be startled to find the business district dead. Street lights and flashing neon signs are all operating as if the streets held a thousand cars and the sidewalks five thousand bustling shoppers. The arterial flashes green; however, instead of twenty tense drivers surging forward, one boy, entranced and clad in blue jeans and leather jacket, swings into a right turn back onto Highway 10 once again.

The music, the loneliness, and the blackness keep me rather hypnotized. Miles upon miles silently slip under me while the steady, smoothly rolling car races ever forward. My mind is blank; I'm like a part of the car. Occasionally headlights will

appear in the distance and pass me, but more often the other headlights turn onto a dusty road and fade into the night before we ever meet. At approximately four o'clock, I'll open the side vents letting in refreshing breezes. At the same moment I notice the welcome chirping of birds before dawn. The incessant buzzing of insects and croaking of bull frogs introduce me to a new day.

Dawn breaks upon the horizon behind me promising a glorious sunny day. Shadows lift, leaving barns, silos, homes, hay stacks, fence posts, pastures, and forests noticeable in the early morning mists. Colors change from the former red hue to a dazzling gold.

A new day begins, yet the trance will remain for an hour or two. Highway 10 was certainly dead, just the way I had hoped for it. Smooth, silent, cool, and dark, all which affected me in a most peculiar way. How I enjoyed it! Freedom, peace, tranquility, and beauty were there.

Unnoticeably this feeling drains from me as the heat of day replaces the coolness of night. As the highway becomes filled with cars, trucks, and tractors, I feel a slight pang of distress. However, I did completely escape from this world's possessiveness and bondage. Morally, I was benefited, and in the process violated nothing or no one. Tomorrow I will be a part of the mass again.

**editorial, third place** **by kathie fishbeck '61**

# Walk Together

THE AMERICAN Field Service international exchange program is one of America's most influential foreign ministers. Each one of the one thousand American teenagers who spends from two months to one year in a foreign country as an exchange student is himself an ambassador destined to further foreign relations between the United States and the country to which he is sent. These teenagers do for the United States' world prestige what cannot be accomplished by leading diplomats, and through their close relationship with the average foreign citizen, can tell the true story of the United States, a story which is many times altered by the adverse and false propaganda of the Communist world.

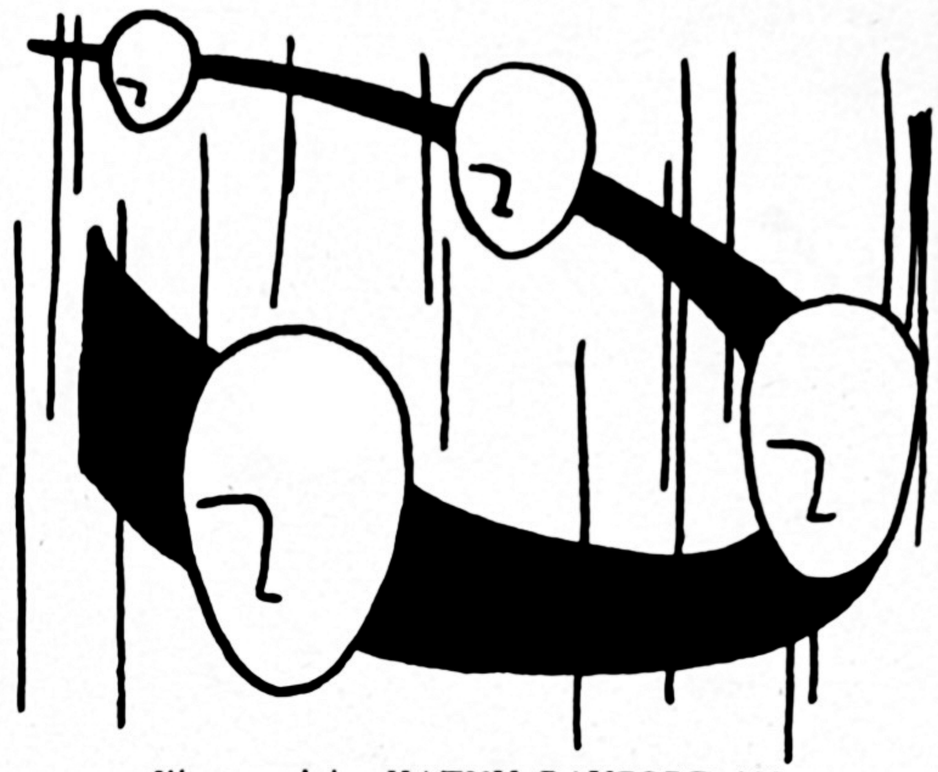
Today, when it is of the utmost importance that the United States remain as the "Big Brother" to the Western Pact, we need every good will ambassador available. For such events as the recent U-2 and RB-47 incidents tend to put skepticism in the minds of our allies as to whether or not the United States is as good as it professes to be, or whether it is a nation that can be trusted. To preserve this previously unquestioned trust in the United States is a goal of each and every American Field Service student as he leaves his homeland for his new-land, thousands of miles away.

Although one can learn much about foreign countries through reading books, no one can truly judge a country unless he has traveled and lived with its people. The American Field Service, having realized this fact, and with its motto, "Walk together, . . . talk together, all ye peoples of the earth, then and only then shall ye have peace," has instigated this program of placing "goodwill ambassadors" into the midst of a foreign people. The results have been overwhelming as evidenced by the rapid increase of foreign families desiring American students.

United States State Department officials come in contact only with those foreigners who hold similar positions. Thus, no contact between the bulk of a foreign country, its average citizens, and the United States is made. It is for this reason that a citizen-to-citizen contact be made by some other means, such as the American Field Service, to better acquaint the United States with our allies. For unless we understand each other thoroughly, we cannot live together peacefully.

It is this peace that the American Field Service international exchange program strives for as it continues to function as one of America's most influential foreign ministers.

**sketch, first place**
**by kathy yost '62**



Illustrated by KATHY RAYFORD '62

# LIFE CYCLE

THE WORLD about her is new and fascinating. It is the world in which she is to live; she has no choice. A gentle pat is the first pain experienced in her short life. Salty tears seep through her long thin lashes on to cheeks, innocent of rosiness. She is unconscious of any form of light, or of the people who approach her bedside to cast their radiant smiles of approval. Sleep dominates her world.

As this passes, the heavenly bundle exercises her God-made structures. A tantrum of hungriness is temporarily subdued by sucking a pudgy little finger that she realizes is hers. The petite blue "buttons" uncross themselves and enter the focusing stage. An unusual environment of blurred bars and rails are visible to her. However, the focusing is too difficult and again sleep dominates.

Gradually, advancement is accomplished: the first step, an appearing white "pearl," and the word Da-Da formed through lips of flesh color. Little does she realize her accomplishments. Only until her walk becomes stable does she recognize the importance of satisfying her curiosity.

A frilly dress, a birthday cake, and gifts from teddy bears to dolls mark her fourth birthday, a joyful day she will long remember — until next year's celebration.

Merry-go-rounds, story books, games and playmates are her main interests now. The "why" stage has also suffered defeat. Character and personality traits are developing, a development which will affect the rest of her life.

As the teen-age years approach and pass, she has experienced the most complex portion of life. The years have been many trials and tribulations, especially localized in scholastic and male interests. She has conquered these years and has much to remember in reaching the golden age.

College is next on the agenda, but her problems seem easier to handle because maturity has reached its high point. Tears of joy and sorrow are experienced as the diploma is finally hers to do with as she pleases.

The fateful day finally arrives—a day which will affect her entire future—the walk down the aisle to meet her high school sweetheart. In a bouffant dress of snow white, symbolizing the day, she recalls the years of her past life—a life she hopes to re-establish someday. A new generation has commenced.

**poetry, honorable mention** **by jim hall '61**

# LOVE AND WAR

They say that "All is Fair in Love and War,"
And this is the subject of my verse.
They also say that "War is Hell,"
But, believe me, love is worse!

# TRAGEDY

Illustrated by JOHN HEFFERNAN '61

## short story, first place

## by mary jo vollendorf '63

THE HOT SUMMER sun shone down on the warm beach and through the eyes of one, John Nessworth, it meant a day on the surf with his new outboard.

John was a tall, slender boy with black curly hair. He was sloppy, but considering he was a teenager, no one noticed. His face was deep set and his hands hung clumsily at his side. Although he was awkward he had a way with the girls every boy had to admire.

But today John didn't want to lie on the beach and soak in the sun. Today was the day he was to take his boat out to the cliffs, the place considered taboo to any boater. He had planned his moves step by step. Extra gas was needed. This John had hid, along with his lunch, aboard the boat the night before. So his parents wouldn't become suspicious, John told them that he was going to the island just off shore, of which they approved.

As John approached the bay he noticed its calmness and then saw her, shimmering in the sun light, a twenty-foot, red-and-white outboard. It was the one thing in the world that truly understood him. He had received it for his birthday and he'd saved plenty for the new, shiny, electric horns which now made their home on her hood.

As John slipped his moccasins off and started wading to the boat, he noticed that the water was extremely cold. This was quite common when a storm was due, but he shrugged off the idea of a storm as he gazed at the clear, blue sky. Upon climbing aboard, John noticed the lunch he had hid the day before. Then he gazed at his treasure.

In his eyes, it was a beautiful boat. He had cushioned the front and back seats with a red plaid covering. This was the first boat John had had with a steering wheel and he was quite proud of it. But now he had to leave or he would get back after dark.

As he pushed down on the gas, John felt the boat dig down into the water. After he had passed a few smaller craft he left the bay and entered the lake.

The water was surprisingly rough and the color had changed from a light blue to a deadly black. John chanced to glance back, to see black storm clouds beginning to form in the south. His anger rose as he realized a storm was about to ruin his fun at the cliffs. He pushed down on the accelerator. The speedometer rose to 45 mph, the ultimate speed for a boat of that size. A wind began to blow, blowing a black curly lock down upon John's forehead. With one brush of his large hands, he pushed the curl back into place. His eyes strained over the water that lay ahead. His hands tightened on the steering wheel he prized so highly. He must be near the cliffs, he thought.

Then he saw them, rising out of the water like the devil's own hands. The water was almost unmanageable here and John had a hard time controlling the boat. He seemed to be caught in a current pulling him closer and closer to the cliffs. He now realized that he was trapped!

John pressed hastily down on the reverse button thus jamming the motor. Panic struck him and, without thinking, he jumped up. At the same time a sudden wave, approaching from the left, struck the boat. Horrified, John felt his body plunge into the icy water.

The rain began coming down in torrents. As John reached the surface, he could hardly see his boat through the rain. He struggled toward the boat in his awkward manner. He had never learned to swim well and the high waves seemed to be towing him under. When he at last reached the boat it took all he had to hang onto it.

But, as the rain came down and the waves raised and pounded against him, his hands grew numb and his mind became weak. His body grew in extra weight pulling him down. As he realized he could hold on no longer, his fingers slipped from the side of his shiny new craft. His body sank like those of all fools, to the bottom of the sea.

The little craft, a treasure in its time, crashed into the cliffs with the force of an old dry stick being broken over one's knee. Now only its once-shiny new horns can be seen, covered with moss and rust.

book review, fifth place

by joe valitchka '61

# Seven Years in Tibet

**by Heinrich Harrer**

**Published by E. P. Dutton and Co. Inc., New York**

NOT MUCH IS KNOWN about the mysterious country of Tibet. Many Europeans have tried to enter this eccentric country, but the watchfulness of the Tibetan officials has turned almost all of them from the borders. Because of this strict isolation policy, hardly any information about the people and their lives has been passed on to outsiders.

But, from 1943 to 1950, Heinrich Harrer, a German mountain climber, did live in Tibet. The book he wrote telling of his sojourn has shed new light on the mountain country. The governmental structure and the importance of the monks are reported upon with interesting accuracy. The practice of monogamy, polygamy, and polyandry are told of. The extremes of weather in the country have a lot to do with the type of life the Tibetans live. The punishment of criminals can be and is sometimes quite cruel. A robber may suffer the loss of a hand or foot via the axe, but will live to rob again. Other crimes are punished by severe floggings which sometimes kill the offender. The religious fervor of the people is their whole backbone. Their belief in reincarnation is unwavering and their adoration of the living Buddha is very zealous. Yet the Tibetans have a deep respect for other religions and will allow them in their country. As one follows the flight of Harrer and his friend Peter Aufschnaiter, another German mountain man, he will be quite surprised at the hospitality administered to these two fugitives.

At the beginning of World War II, the author was with a group doing reconnaissance work for the Namga Parbat expedition in Karahi. Because the expedition was German, it was detained by the British and imprisoned in a P.O.W. camp at Ahmednagar near Bombay. Later they were put in the greatest Indian prison camp, that near the town of Dehra Dun. On the third try at escape, Harrer made it through India and arrived at the Indian border. From here he crossed into Tibet. After getting into the country a distance, he was expelled by the local bonpo. Again they tried. This time they succeeded in going a good distance before being turned back. They headed back, but succeeded in deceiving the officials in another district, and continued on. Their goal was Lahasa, the Tibetan capital. From here they hoped to go to Japan, crossing in from either Burma or China. Passing as Indian pilgrims, living a rougher life than nomads, and using every deception, they got to Lahasa. On the way they encountered the fierce Khampas or robber tribesmen. They almost lost more than their dog and a few goods at this stage of their travels.

Life in Lahasa was a complete changeabout for these two "lower-than-nomads." After threatened expulsion from the city, they were allowed to stay and the description of life here gave a real insight of life in Tibet. Here was a constant contrast between the old and new. A jeep stood beside a yak, a camera next to a nomad.

The author, who states in his preface that he has no experience as such, writes in a very easy way. Straight facts are given but this doesn't detract from the interesting material within the book. Certain grammatical technicalities are violated and fragments are employed in spots, but on the whole the book is well written. One will surely have received a geography lesson on Tibet when he finishes this work.

Illustrated by KATHY RAYFORD '62

essay, third place

# DEATH

by moria mackert '62

"DEAD! God, how much there is in that little word."—Byron.

What is death? How do you explain this word to a child? How do you even explain this word to yourself? Linclos answers this question by saying, "What is death after all? We leave only mortals behind us." Death is the mystery and inheritance of all mankind. We all have our theories on what we shall encounter when we quit this earthly existence, but none of us knows for certain. A poet once thought that we, as we appear on the earth now, are the souls of the sinners before us, and that the earth upon which we live is their punishment—their Hell.

Some of us believe that after death we face the judgment of God Almighty and are sentenced either to Heaven or Hell; others hold the belief that everything is terminated upon the drawing of our last breath. There also are a few who believe God could never have created anything such as Hell, and death is simply a reunion with Him.

The emptiness that a death can leave in one's heart is another mystery of death. Death certainly is cruel to the loved ones. Could the previously mentioned poet have been right? It seems that certain of our minds are incapable of comprehending death, somewhat like that of a child when he is asking the seemingly simple question, "What is death?"

Death is physical—so they say. Death, in the word, is emotional. Many people have many varied thoughts on this enthralling, though morbid, subject. Many fear death; such thoughts are illustrated by Hazlitt as he said, "Death is the greatest evil, because it cuts off hope." But why fear death; it is inevitable. Why not fear birth? There are some who fear them both equally. Coneille has said, "Every moment of life is a step toward death." Such a statement makes one wonder if that might be our reason for existing.

Still others have a happy, elated outlook on death. Seneca showed his: "Death is a release from an end to our pains." Is this the right outlook? Someone said once, "That which is so universal as death must be a benefit."

Death is truly universal, but so is birth, and yet birth shows discrimination, of color, creed, and country. We find no discrimination in death. Of this Tacitus has said, "Death comes equally to us all, and makes us equal by its coming." In this, without doubt, death is great.

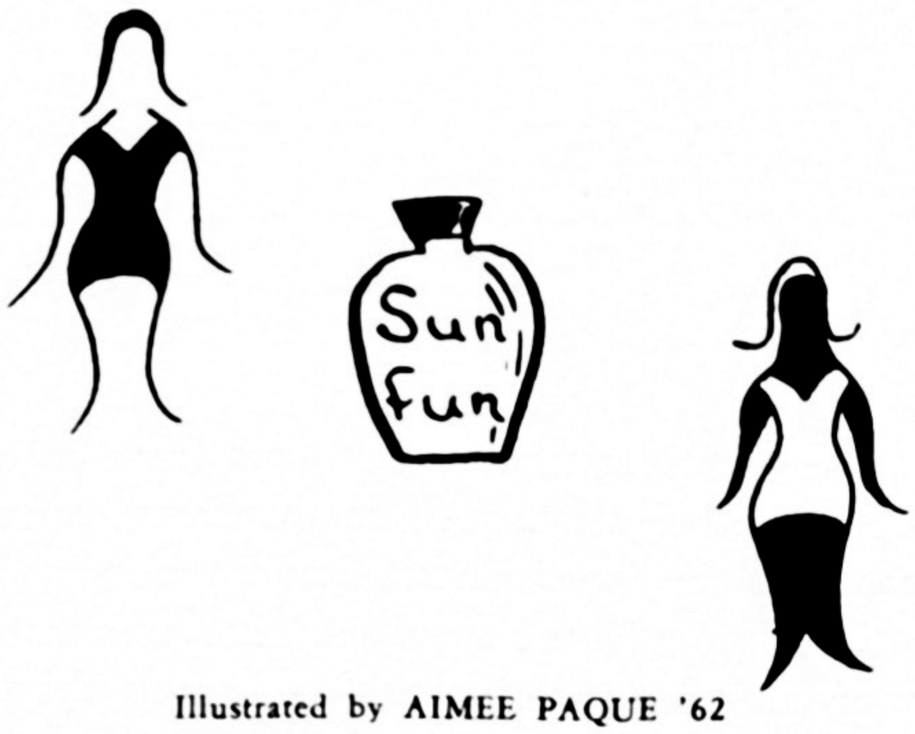
Some say sleep is a part of death, yet many of us find sleep wonderful; could sleep be like death, with eternity its limitations?

With all our scientific and theological knowledge, no one can tell us exactly what death is in its entirety.

How would you answer this child? Maybe Shakespeare has done that for us.

"To die—to sleep,
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heartache, and a thousand natural shocks
The flesh has heir to."

essay, honorable mention




Illustrated by AIMEE PAQUE '62

# Disgust and More Disgust

by joe klug '61

THE DUSTY BOW-LEGGED TV cowboy smelling of sage and cattle has it, the Hollywood millionaire playboy has it, and now, dear friend, every clod with a life's saving of two dollars can have it. Today through the morale-destroying invention of bottled sun tan paint anyone can sport around a fine even tan.

There was a time, not long ago, when a man could be proud of his browned skin since it was conclusive proof that he enjoyed the out-of-doors. Now, however, coal miners and thrifty bankers alike can enjoy an energetic-looking sun tan, too.

For years females have been bleaching their hair, but only within the last few years have they been dying little wisps of hair. Men and women are now using this sun tan paint over the entire face and body, but I wouldn't doubt that the future will see them using it in streaks and blotches. Wouldn't you enjoy standing on the corner watching the girls go by, with browned foreheads, cheeks, or throats? As usual girls would be the first to adopt such crazes. Added to her lipsticks, eye shadow, eyebrow pencil, false eyelashes, rouge, perfumes, creams, powders, and hair dyes, she could include a genuine war paint. God forgive the unfortunate lass who finds the so-called improvements on nature essential to popularity and beauty. Also, God help the poor boys whose minds have become so calloused as to call this pulsating glob "glamorous."

Oh, what a sad state this world is in. A person scurries to the corner drugstore, scurries back, and in the privacy of the bedroom, having read the directions, applies the sun tan. Whereas in the introductory years of this fluid sun tan, the jobs were very artificial looking, with years of practice one could almost imitate nature to a shade. While the first few years of this paint destroyed personal satisfaction, one's morale would be built up because he was able to deceive his best friend. Wouldn't you be proud of yourself, too?

In generations to come this paint might be offered in refreshing palmolive and menthol aromas. Of course you remember, these are to give you that cool and refreshing look that used to accompany the old-fashioned sun tans that our parents' folks used to get when they went to high school. In time people would forget the original source of the sun tan and what the brown fluid is they're dowsing their bodies in; they might not see the need of the paint always being brown in color. This new angle turns my stomach, so before I develop it, I'll bury it.

However, there are still some who are too proud to stoop before these time-saving imitation bottled sun tans. Despite the fact that I'm impatient with the sun's slowness in producing a smooth tan, and that all I ever do get is a black-blistered burn, I'll never give up. As long as I keep on getting burns, I don't have to worry over being asked what spray or paint I used. My sympathy is with the guy who worked long and hard for a handsome tan, and then is asked by friends for his brand.

poetry, first place

by muffey heffernan '63

# REFLECTIONS

Three hundred sixty feet
of steel
of girders
of glass
of tile
Make way for progress.

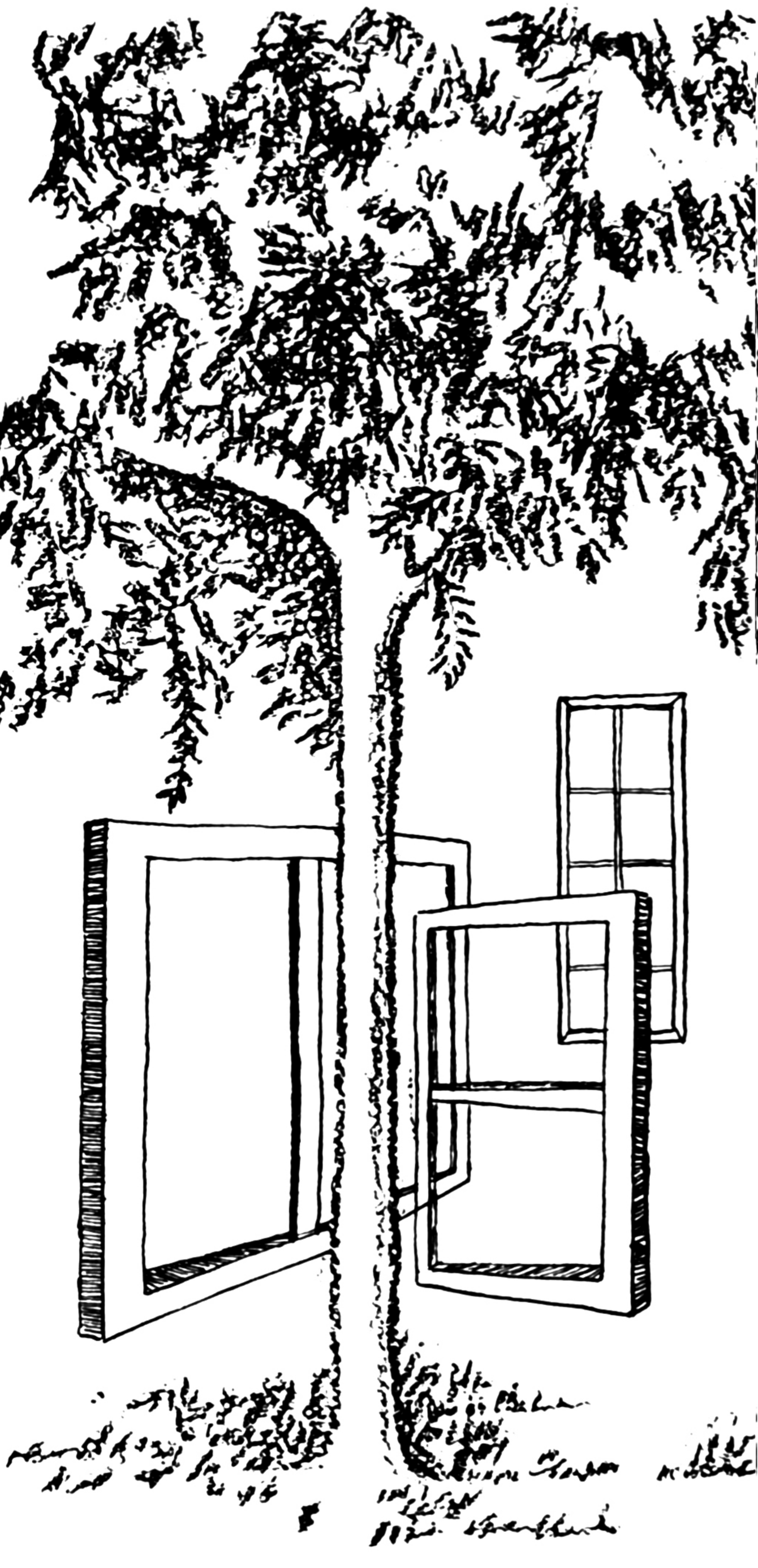
Three hundred sixty feet
of life
All gone
the trees
the roots
the grass
the soil
Make way for progress.

Three hundred sixty feet
of cheering,
Frantic fans yelling
P-R-O-G-R-E-S-S
under the steel
the girders
the glass
the tile.

Always the old makes way for the new
the trees
the roots
the grass
the soil
Yield way to a massive field house
of steel
of girders
of glass
of tile.

Nature will reclaim her land
in future years
And progress will begin again
With three hundred sixty feet
of trees
of roots
of grass
of soil.

Illustrated by KATHY RAYFORD '62



short story, third place

# TEST

by gary weaver '61

I WISH HE'D HURRY; I've got to be in school by 9:10. I'm awfully nervous and I haven't even begun the test. Then, a "little boy in blue" will be sitting along side me with an impatient pencil in his hand, ready to deface my pink slip with failing marks. Now, just remember to stay calm and be alert at all times and it'll be a "snap." Of course, not too many have passed it the first time, but then, it was usually because they got flustered and appeared to be unsure of themselves.

Here he comes! Have I got the keys? Yes, here they are in my hand. Now, remember, it's the square-topped key. I'd better go up to the desk and get my papers checked out. Papers! Where are they? Oh, yes, Dad's got them.

"Dad, have you got the envelope with the papers in it?"

"Officer, here are the papers. They're inside the envelope."

"Well, I'm sure it's there . . . it's got to be. It must be between the folded white one; there it is." (Yee-Gad!)

"Well, I'll see you in about fifteen minutes, Dad."

He wants me to try all the equipment on the car. Let's see . . . square key . . . neutral . . . twist . . . . depress accelerator. It started! Now, pull out the light knob. They are on! What's he motioning for? Ohhhh, dim them. Where in blazes is the dimmer button . . . there. Now, the signal lights. That's it. All checked out.

Here we go! Shift into drive and follow the street. He'll tell me what to do.

Drive with arm signals! Oh, no! Now I'll goof this up. Of all the "neaty-boo" tricks. Let's see . . . left; that's with the arm straight out. Right; that's up. This is ridiculous. Stop; that's with the arm hanging down.

He wants me to stop on this hill. Pull out the emergency brake and turn the key off. Oh, no! We're rolling down the hill!

"Sorry, officer. The brake wasn't all the way out. There. Now we're stopped." (What a boo-boo!)

Now, to get going again. And we're off! He said turn left. Signal on . . . look both ways. It's clear now. All I've got to do is pull across the intersection and get into the right-hand lane going West.

"What's that, sir? I thought you said 'turn left.'"

I should have kept going and turned left going West. Now, look, I'm in the left-hand lane going East. Quick, get into the right lane. There he goes. He seems to have a flare for writing. It's just one little mistake and I'm certain that he did say "left." Boy, how am I going to face Dad . . . ickky-poo!

Well, it's all over. An illegal right turn. It was just as much a fault of his as it was of mine. I'm sure he said "left." I passed the rest of the test perfectly. If only I had the vocabulary, I'd have given him a few choice words.

Here comes Dad. I wonder what he'll say. I suppose he's pretty ashamed of me . . . I'm ashamed of me! An illegal right turn! I've never done that before. If only that nincompoop wouldn't have corrected me in the middle of a turn. Then that expression on Dad's face would be entirely different and my pink slip would be without marks of stern criticism.

"Hello, Dad."

"Better luck next time, Gary."

poetry, honorable mention

by jane scholten '61

# The Mirror of Life

Walk towards the placid pond
Relax and ponder

Look at the reflected image
Watch and examine

Taste the water of life
Drink and enjoy

Listen to the approaching storm
Grieve and resign

sketch, fifth place

by susan gutheil '61

# *THE SHADOWS*

IN THE ROMANTIC center of San Francisco's Bohemian Latin Quarter stands the unpretentious SHADOWS. To observe it closely is to realize the weathered frame structure is worn as it is to set a hide-a-way atmosphere. Those who choose to keep a rendezvous here secretly dream of finding a den of marauders skulking delightedly over their spoils as candles burn low.

The SHADOWS is to be found on Telegraph Hill, which rises abruptly from the shore of San Francisco Bay. Guiding the seeker after aesthetic adventure is the Hill's own Coit Tower. (Mrs. Coit must have felt a warm certainty, after the San Francisco fire, when raising the tower to her husband, that on this hill, it would attract many.) In the night, bright illumination clearly defines its solid majesty to be a fire nozzle.

Coit Tower succeeds in its guiding mission every time. Our adventurer, reaching the site, thrilled by expectancy and hungered by the damp salt air, feels he cannot wind any further to reach his dinner. Just as he meets the battered, swinging, seeover door of the SHADOWS, the pain of his hunger is flooded by an intense awe of the sight before him.

Stepping down into sawdust, blanketing the rough-hewn floor below, he directs his eager eyes to the German relics and preserves above. Where ceiling and walls meet hangs a Black Forest array of spices and game; preserved berries, cherries, and fruits; elegant and enormous brew steins of every imaginable hue, and trophies claimed by hunters of the Schwarzwald.

Ah, yes! The hunter! Home from the fir-scented forest, the deer hunter would be hungry! In a true table d'hote style—much food served without frills—the happy guest is served a steaming tureen of rich soup to set a stage for that which follows. Choosing an entree in German might be as difficult as singing an Italian opera in some restaurants, but here it is done as effortlessly as dancing to Strauss.

Truly, San Francisco can be proud of this German hide-a-way; of its ability to intoxicate the tourist with its romantic atmosphere and satisfy the hunger he gets when seeking this spot on a hill.

book review, first place

by gary weaver '61

# Oedipus Rex

**by Sophocles . . . translated by R. C. Jebb**

THIS BRILLIANT example of Greek tragedy has three great qualities that I believe are contained in a classic play: first and most important of all, it is thought-provoking, second, it is moving, and last, it is enjoyable. Certainly the Greek audience had seen this play many times and was familiar with most of the lines, yet they came to see it over and over again because it gave them a "dose" of philosophy explaining to them a point in the lasting nature of man. As far as the "points" in this play were concerned, there were, in my evaluation, three basic points: No man can escape his fate. We must suffer in order to learn. And, the fate of a good person, caught in the nets of gods, may be disaster. It is quite evident, as the play progresses, that man appeared to be unable to control his fate, but he was making an attempt to understand it. This seems to be the feeling of Sophocles as he wrote the play and one cannot help but wonder if Sophocles was trying to create doubt in the minds of the audience as to whether the justice brought about was due to fate or an evil intention of the gods.

The plot of the play was quite simple, as were all Greek plays, and was extremely well developed, as were the characters. Oedipus, the main character, was a son of Laius and Jocasta, the king and queen of Thebes. It had been prophesied before his birth that he was fated to kill his father and marry his mother. The parents tried to make fulfillment of the prophecy impossible by destroying the babe as soon as it was born; yet, through the workings of destiny, the prophecy was brought to pass, and unknowingly, he killed his father. He later married his mother and lived in seemingly secure prosperity and became the father of four children. Then, Jocasta realized what had been done and hanged herself. Oedipus, upon finding the body, took a brooch from the breast of her garment and with the pin stabbed out his own eyes. The play ends with Oedipus, sightless and bleeding, mourning in appalling words his great misfortunes.

The actual, most important, and main thought of the play is found in the closing verses of the chorus:

> "Dwellers in our native Thebes, behold, this is Oedipus, who knew the famed riddle, and was a man most mighty; on whose fortunes what citizen did not gaze with envy? Behold into what a stormy sea of dread trouble he hath come!
>
> Therefore, while our eyes wait to see the destined final day, we must call no one happy who is of mortal race, until he hath crossed life's border, free from pain."

poetry, honorable mention

by kathie fishbeck '61

# His Love

I wanted it,
I lost it.

poetry, honorable mention

# THE OAK

by bill bender '61

"The oak shall teach, but shall not be heard."

People talking.
Whining.
Like a willow tree
Weeping.
Lamenting.
Like a forlorn dog.
Dripping water.
Tears.
Childlike pleasure.
Unrequited love.
Immature oaks of
Ages past.
Still teaching.

Teaching to the
Present.
Unheard,
Unwanted,
Dead.
Unerring humans.
Giants by
Mental dimensions.
Dwarfs in the
Universe.
Still crying
Themselves
To death.

Organizations of
Genocide.
Supreme beings.
Rulers of
Nothing.

Illustrated by KATHY RAYFORD '62

Born in their
Image.
Shall die in their
Image.
Rulers of
Nothing.

Future prescribes ultimate
Course.
Givers of
Nothing,
Receive nothing.
Legacy of the past.
Disowned.
Present is unboundless in
Wealth.
Personal, materialistic
Wealth increases.
Everyone a
God.

Gods of
Nothing.
Gods of
Discontent.
Rulers of other
Souls.
Introspection non-existent.
The oak still teaches,
But is not heard.
The tears come
Again and
Death because of
Nothing.

essay, fifth place

# *To Fly*

by sue gutheil, '61

WHY SHOULD A teen-age girl learn to fly? Is it because many of her friends spend time flying? No. Is it because many young boys are servicing little one-engine planes nowadays? No. Does the average beatnik consider it "hep"? No! Flying is an interest that develops, a contagion that spreads, and a future business asset that pays dividends in the "air age" in which we presently live.

To be at two thousand feet and climbing is to leave all cares behind—far behind, on earth, and to embrace, instead, the freedom afforded by God's sky—as a privilege for anyone. Yes, any man is entitled to the tension-releasing, thrill-producing path of flight that awaits him.

Now, I am not much of a monkey for mechanics, but learning such secrets as why a plane carburetor requires heating for safety has been anything but unpleasant for me. To taxi to the end of the runway, rev up the motor, check the magnetos, feel a willing stick make its flaps obey—these are the precursors of a smooth flight.

Circling for the last time, you steer your J-3 Cub's nose down the runway, straight as a die. Slowly, ever so gradually, your hand eases the throttle open. Now, she is ready to climb by herself. Help the tail a bit: edge the stick ever so slightly forward; when you feel the lightness of her tail as you sit, coax the stick back. What a breathtaking surge is felt in your being as land falls rapidly away, on both sides.

Airborne at last, the pilot prides himself on his ability to fly straight and level. Constant right rudder must be held in a climb or the plane's propellor torque will turn the ship in a left turn. In an attempt to counteract a dowdy, a drooping wing, the conscientious flyer concentrates on keeping his stick in the exact center of its well. Flying straight and level without nose-dipping, porpoising, or tail-skidding is reputed to be the most difficult maneuver; it certainly is basic to "S" turns in wind, figures of eight, stalls, and every other exercise imaginable.

So the pilot has stolen as much time as possible from reality to cavort with the birds. It is time to bring his ship down. To the beginner, here lies the greatest challenge in flying; a perfect, three-point landing.

In a Cub, he levels off at eight hundred feet, cuts his engine from twenty-five hundred revolutions per minute to fifteen hundred r.p.m.'s and proceeds to trim the nose. Three turns backward on the tab insure him against a nose dive.

Tingling with anticipation, the young flyer assumes a normal glide position and hopes to curl into a gradual ninety degree turn for his cross-wind base leg. Just short of the runway, striving for perfection, he left-turns again, and straightens his craft over the runway. Fifteen to twenty feet from the ground, he chooses to flare out, bringing his stick back; therefore, the nose up. Drumming in his mind is the basic principle taught in landing; that is, to bring his powerless plane close to the ground and then keep it in the air as long as possible.

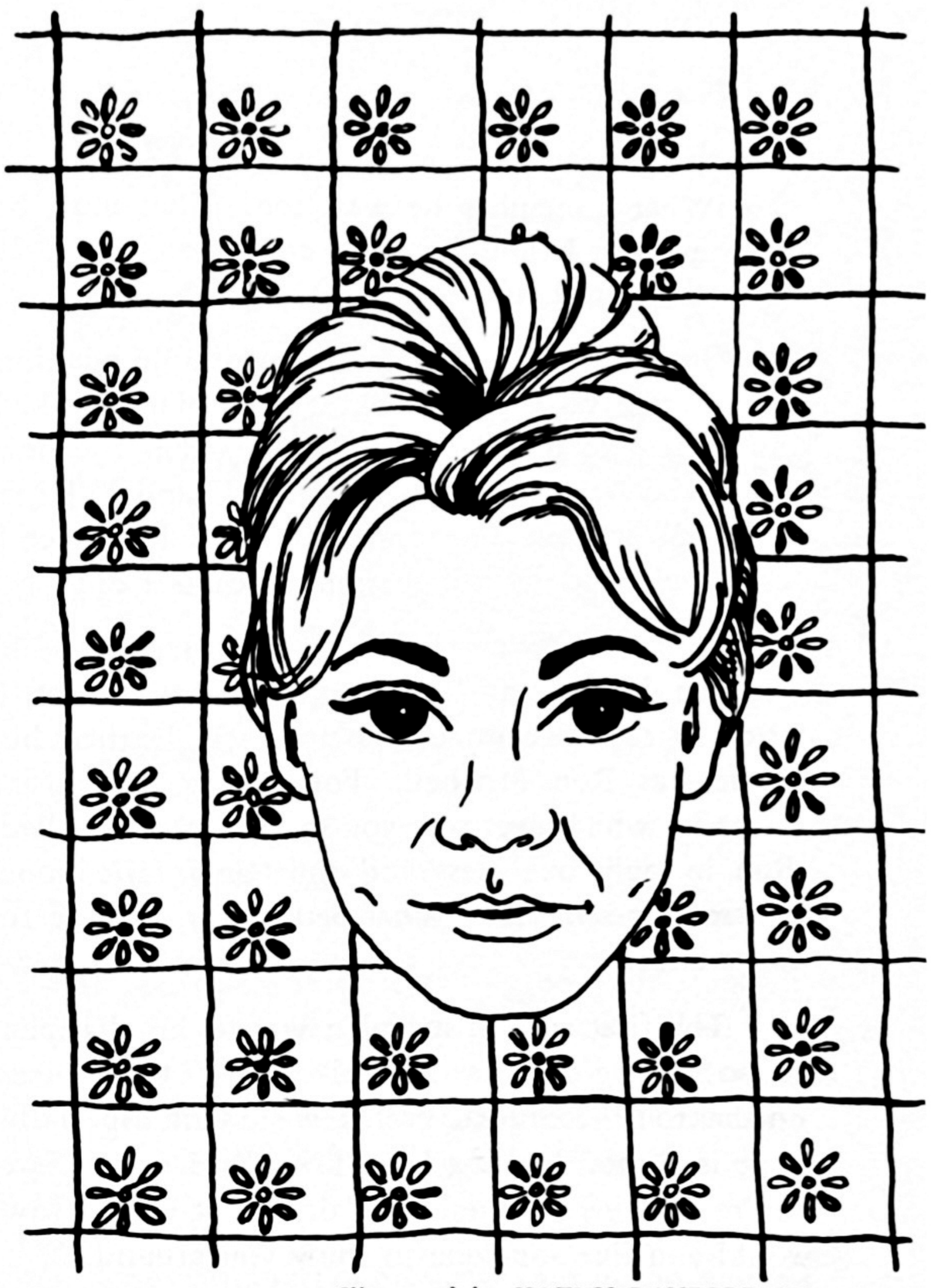
A trickle of perspiration may find its way down his neck by the time he executes the perfect stall, five feet above the ground. But he cannot relax until the pavement ceases tugging at the wheels.

This is flying to me: truly exciting to the last minute! This feature of it is enough to hold my interest: other teen-agers tasting of it would experience its contagious appeal, I'm sure! As for the future, I cannot wait to pick up the sport again as a career woman—on the go!

short story, second place

# A Lesson Well Learned

by sally burger '62



Illustrated by KATHY RAYFORD '62

THERE SHE WAS, the most beautiful girl I had ever seen. Her shining red hair was piled on the top of her head with a few bangs framing her beautiful, clear - complexioned face. "That new girl" is what we all called her. However, the girls used a different tone of voice than the boys when they did so. For the girls felt very differently toward Miss Bonnie Robin than the boys did.

When I hear the word "robin" I always think of spring and spring fever. The boys' minds must have traveled along the same path as mine did, for even though it was January, the middle of winter, each and every boy at Blair High School had a case of spring fever. My gosh, it spread through the school faster than a plague of the flu.

If boys who had been going steady had been immune to her beauty and charm, most of us wouldn't have cared. Unfortunately, they were not. It just happened to be most unfortunate for yours truly, for my Jim, or should I say my ex-Jim, was hit the hardest of all of them.

Bonnie hit him one day in math class. There she sat, laughing at every little phrase that emerged from his mouth. She treated him as if he were Bob Hope or Shelly Berman, and believe me, he is not. And, Jim, like every dumb boy, fell for her, hook, line, and sinker. He promptly turned to me and said, "I feel it best for us to break up for awhile, Mary Ann. Uh, I don't think I'm the going steady type." The fact that we had been going steady for seven months didn't seem to enter his numb little mind, I guess. At the moment all he knew was that Bonnie had looked at him more than once and he had to act fast.

Fast isn't the word for it. Friday night at the game she was sitting beside him, and, of course, they had to go to the dance afterwards. To top all that off, she never even looked at another boy. Why couldn't she flirt with some other guys and get them to take her out so poor Jim wouldn't have to be stuck with her? My heart really bled for him; I was so sure that he was in grave agony. But, if he ever asks me out again, I thought, I won't accept. Yep, I'll just show him I don't give a darn. I'll punish him for dropping me for that spring character.

As I entered math class Monday morning, I was all set to put my plan into action. I wasn't even going to say "Hi" to him. My plan failed to develop, however. I had just happened to glance up when I saw Bonnie and Jim walk into the room together. They were so absorbed in each other that the impact of her collision with a member of the opposite sex failed to be noticed.

What a member he was, too! That must be the new boy, I thought. This called for action. If Jim could do it, so could I.

Just as I had gotten in a comfortable position in order to get a good look at him, Nancy poked me; I had to move again. "Hey, is that the new boy who transferred here from Randel High School?" she asked. From the tone of her voice I could tell that she had the same idea as I did.

Immediately my brain spun into action. If Jim can do it so can I. Repeating this statement, I tried to convince myself. I promptly learned his name was Ron Mitchell. Fortunately, or unfortunately, which ever way you may look at it, I had Ron in only one class and thus only failed one course that semester. What better way is there to fail a class?

The first step in my plan was to just happen to be leaving math as he walked out. Of course, one has to be friendly to each new student, especially if he is a good looking boy. Friendly I was. "Say, you're the new boy here at Blair, aren't you? How would you like someone to show you around?"

"Fine, where is Room 209? I have my next class, English, there and I haven't any idea where it is."

"I just happen to be going in that direction. Come on, I'll show you."

That was my first mistake; my next class was at the opposite end of the building and I was late.

After that things went a little smoother. Since he was terribly intelligent in math, and I was not, I felt some tutoring was in order. I couldn't think of anyone who would make a better teacher than Ron. On my next guided tour of school later that week, I just happened to say, "Ron, could you possibly help me out? I just don't understand this new math work."

"Sure, Mary Ann, maybe I could come over to your house tonight and help you. If that is all right with you, that is."

Was that all right with me? There had never been anything that had been more right. It continued to be all right for the next few weeks until I finally understood what I was doing. By that time he had asked me to the show several times and to the up-and-coming school dance. The only trouble with that little deal was the fact that we were doubling with Jim and Robin. Well, I guess it won't be so bad, I thought. I'm over him already, anyway.

The night of the dance finally arrived. As I stood in the ladies room pinning my pink rose corsage on my dress, I could hear Robin say, "You know, the boy Mary Ann is with is rather neat, isn't he?"

I flew into an internal fury. If she were going to try to take Ron away from me as she did Jim, she had another thought coming. I started to date him in order to get over Jim. What would I do if I had to find another guy to forget the guy I found to forget the first guy? That would really present problems.

As you can probably guess, when Robin sets out to get something, she succeeds. She flirted with Ron every chance she had. And he, as he had before, fell for it. Every chance he had he suggested we exchange dances.

Do you realize where that left me? With Jim. But, I didn't feel so bad; I felt I had really taught him a lesson. Yes, I had taught him not to fall for another girl.

## poetry, honorable mention

# Opportunity

**by nan rower '62**

While I was brooding,

Opportunity passed me by.

sketch, second place

# IT'S TOUGH BEING A RATTLESNAKE

by john scott '61

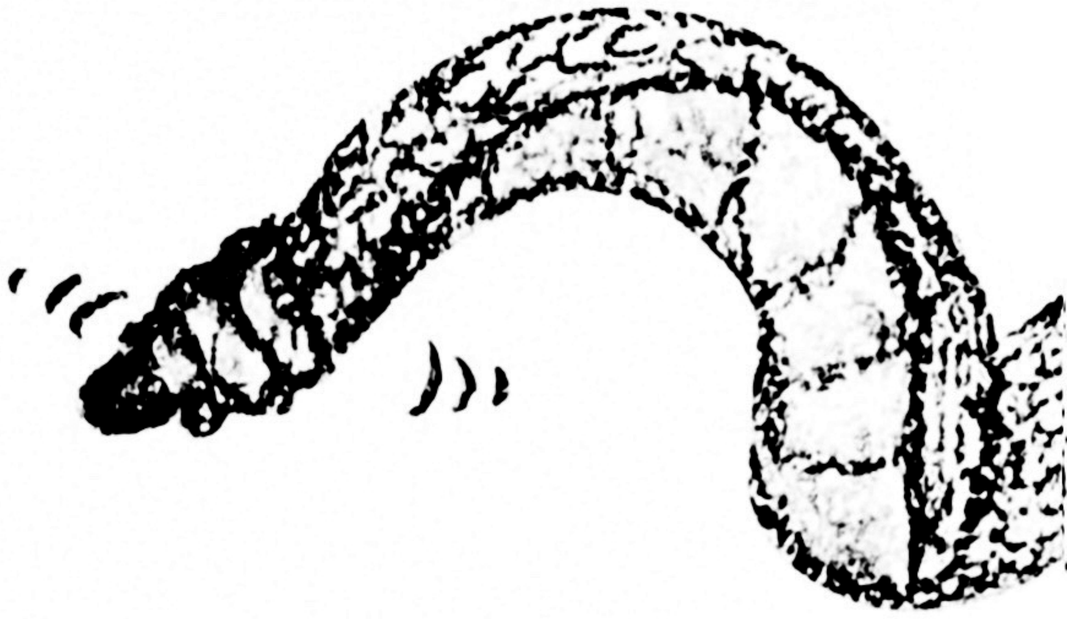
Illustrated by GENA LARSON '63

I AM A **Crotalus horridus** et al or as the layman will have it, a diamond back. I have a triangular shaped head, flashing black eyes, a darting forked tongue, two crescent shaped fangs just dripping with deadly venom, and a long streamlined body terminated by a dainty set of loosely articulated rings which you know as my "rattle." I married early in life and remained married ever since. My wife is also a venomous little viper whom I met over a dead hare one bright moonlit desert night. We happened on to the furry supper from opposite directions and, not seeing each other, both lunged in for the kill. Unfortunately, the rabbit moved slightly and we met head on in mid-air. Needless to say, it was love at first "strike."

The next evening after the blistering sun went down we set up subterranean housekeeping in a crevice under a nearby rancher's patio. From then on life was one big headache after another. There was the time I misjudged my distance and got a mouthful of cactus needles. My right fang was infected for a week. Also that summer we got weekend guests, a family of desert skunks. I can never forget the time the rancher discovered us during his weekly barbecue. He tried everything to get rid of us but nothing worked. Poison, drowning, cement, crabgrass; he even imported a mongoose in desperation. But we cooked that mongoose's goose right quick. We had a family reunion and he was the entree. Of course we raised brood after brood of little diamond backs. I remember one most vividly. He had a habit of constantly nipping me in the posterior when I was "coiled" up with a good book or taking a nap. Those little fangs surely do smart. This was only one among many of his pranks. You see he was always making an "asp" of himself!

If you don't think crawling on your stomach all your life is work, just try it sometime. Did you ever try to skin a rabbit without using your hands? Oh, well, it takes a little getting used to, but hair and bones aren't really too unappetizing!

That scorching sun can be murder in the summer. The temperature often gets up to 114 degrees in our little apartment. Then you have to constantly be on the lookout for humans. You might get away with biting one but he's bound to have a buddy who will get you in the end. And then I'm not as young as I used to be. I've led a long hard life and Gladys and I are packing right now. Yes, we're leaving the old homestead. We're going to retire over at the reptile farm in Bent Fork. If you're ever passing through, be sure to look us up. I'm the one with the broken right fang, remember?



sketch, honorable mention

by joe valitchka '61

# An Incident

SHE CAME FLYING through the woods, rounded a turn in the trail, and leaped over a deep gulley on her left. A hinting crash resounded as she landed on the other side. She lay there in the fresh snow, sides heaving, eyes glassy and wide. She rose to go on, toppled, regained her balance, and continued on at a slower pace. No matter how fast she went, or how many times she doubled back, she couldn't shake her pursuers off her trail. Small crimson patches on the white denoted her route to those following behind.

Two men trudged along, following the blood spots. Each wore the red of the hunter; each carried a high power rifle. Already this morning, they had shot a buck.

As these two had stood on their stands in the early morning hours, three deer had stepped out of the swamp below them. The deer, intent on foraging for their morning browse of poplar saplings, had not noticed the men above them. The fawn had trailed timidly behind his mother as she led the way. The buck followed last.

With the first shot the buck reared and fell heavily. The doe neighed in terror, and nipped at and turned the fawn back toward the heavy cover of the swamp. She then whirled to the left and began her run of deception. Whizzing missiles followed her. A terrific force slammed her over sideways; a bullet was lodged deep in her shoulder. She arose, more panic stricken than before, and continued wildly through the woods.

They were closing in on her now. The second hunter had a tag to fill, and he wasn't going to quit until he did. The hunters had split up now, one on her right, the other off to the left. They knew she was heading for the cover of a dark cedar swamp about two blocks ahead. She would have to break through this small open section to gain entry, and they had it covered.

The doe lay in the snow, panting, watching her assailants, figuring her next move. Her young heart beat frantically. She had to get into the swamp, or die here. She would make a break, take a death-courting chance, her only one, before they came back into the brush to slay her.

She rose quickly and sprang forward, ran to the right, then cut left and spun to the right again. The hunters were on either side of her; each had a clear shot. As both guns were brought up to fire, the doe stumbled in her mad rush; the two shots resounded as one through the woods.

The first hunter lay still in the snow, while the second struggled and wheezed for breath. A bullet had gone through his neck.

The doe rose, trembling, turned to look at the men in the snow on either side of her, then with a last effort, she stumbled forward and disappeared into the swamp.

poetry, fifth place

by kathie fishbeck '61

# Death

I loved him,
I prayed to him.
Now I am joining him.

Illustrated by GENA LARSON '63

essay, honorable mention

# Purse Necessities

by lovey barbier '62

HOUSEWIVES HAVE their annual spring cleaning job, and businessmen take inventory. Yes, these are jobs performed by people over the entire world to keep things in order. The teenage girl cleans her purse.

The average teenage girl carries an assortment of things in her purse. Have you ever really looked through a girl's purse? There is nothing in the entire world that is a more choice example of a disorganized mess, than a girl's, preferably a teenage girl's, purse. For an example I'll tell you what I carry in my purse and why, if I can figure out why.

One charm bracelet with the clip missing. Well, I caught it on my locker handle between second and third hour. Think of a better place to put it. A key chain with seven keys on it. There's the key to the house, of course. Then there's the key to my Dear Diary, because my mother would never think of looking for it there. Two keys to my luggage. I'm never really sure when I'll decide to take a trip. In case I ever get the urge to just pick up and leave, I know I have my luggage key with me so that I can at least pack. Then I also have a key to Grandma's house. That is just in case I don't want to go home sometime, I can always get in at Grandma's. Most interesting of all are the last two keys on the chain. Those are the two that were on the key chain when I borrowed it from my mother. They were on the chain, and I just couldn't figure how to get them off.

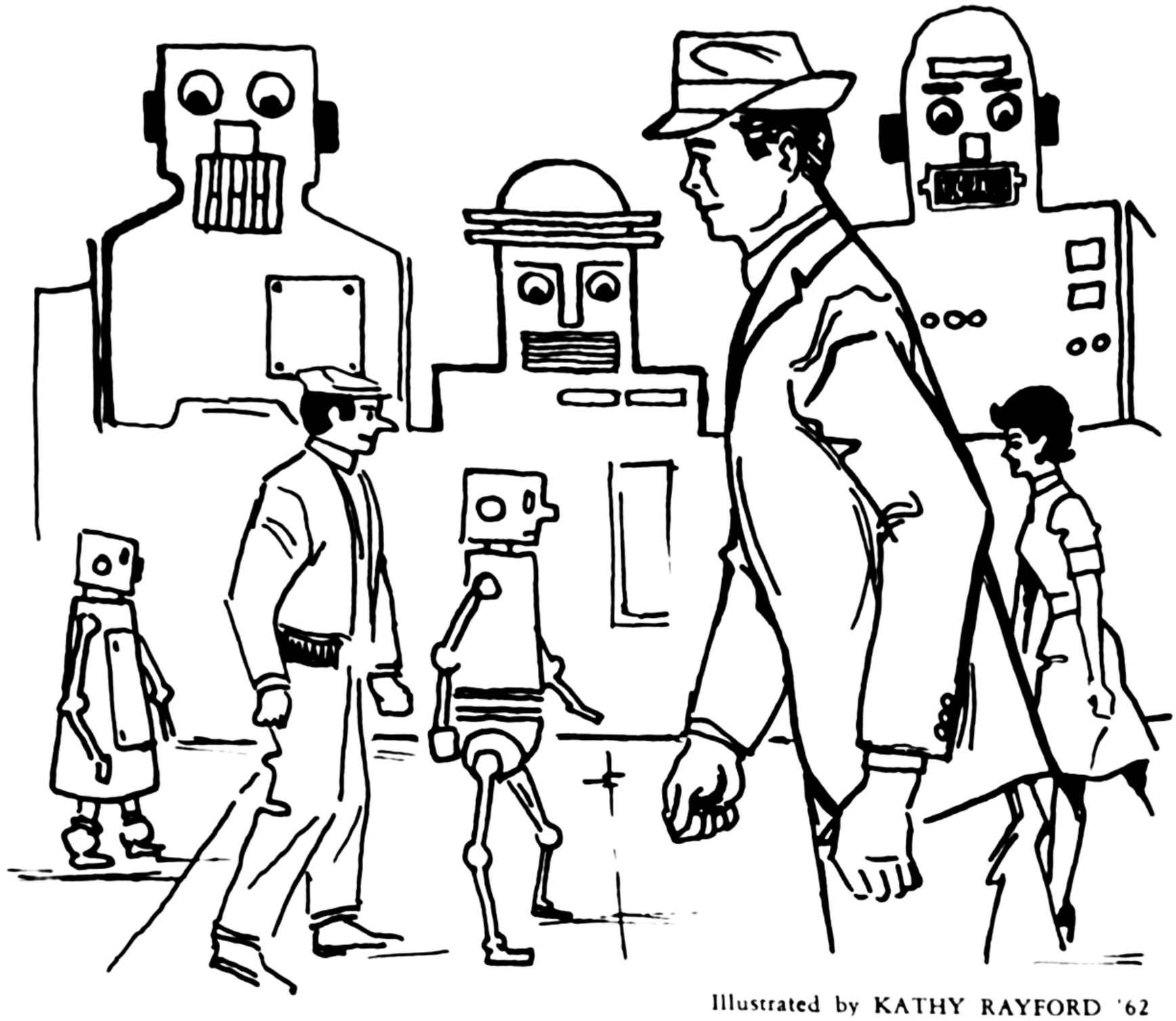
If I ever get a run in my nylons, I'm prepared. I have a small bottle of clear nail polish in my purse which will keep it from running. Speaking of nail polish, there is a nail file, that is a necessity, and three already used false finger nails from this summer when they fell off and I forgot to throw them away. Seven bobby-pins. All right, so what if I have a D.A. Someone is always looking for a bobby-pin.

In a purse you will find some varied type of paper work and information. I always carry a little blue notebook, which contains addresses, phone numbers, things not to forget to do, the names and amounts of money I owe to people. An activity ticket, a stolen Coachmen card, bus pass, theater I.D. card, library card, social security card, and last year's school pictures are filed neatly in a beat-up plastic folder.

A tube which contains a small portion of dried up Clearasil. A large Texas comb, one with a lot of wide open spaces, that is. Scattered every which way is an assortment of lipstick and one chap stick. The lipsticks vary in color from white, light pink, pink, medium pink, coral, light red and red. The reason for the chap stick, well, sometimes I get chapped lips. I generally get chapped lips from the cold weather. That's generally what they're from. I'll skip the other possibility. Continuing in the makeup line is a small bottle of hand lotion, which is used after pool on Tuesdays to keep my skin from getting dry. A compact of Magic Touch pan cake makeup to cover up the circles under my eyes. To cover up the makeup is a compact of powder, which blends over the pan cake makeup to keep it from looking greasy.

The last little grouping of things is the miscellaneous group which contains the following: One pair of glasses with the bow held on with a safety pin. Another miscellaneous article is a small box of aspirin, which I couldn't open if I were ever in need of them anyway. I think I carry them to ward off headaches. The most important thing in my purse is what I naturally have the least of: money and gum.

I have mentioned most of the things in my purse, not all. After reading the list of things that I have mentioned, I hope you will believe me when I say, "The most complicated and hard to understand and organize problem is a girl's purse."



Illustrated by KATHY RAYFORD '62

# AGE OF MACHINES

**sketch, honorable mention**

**by david la course '63**

"WHERE WOULD WE BE if it weren't for them?" asked Easy as he lounged back in his specially designed chair.

"Well, I don't know," replied Artie. "We certainly owe our modern civilization and economy to them."

"Yes," added Easy. "We couldn't have even existed after The War if it hadn't been for them."

"Many of them were destroyed too, in those fateful days, but now we are supplied with enough to do all of our work," continued Artie.

"We would no doubt be still slaving over menial tasks such as raising food and housekeeping," said Easy, "if it weren't for the war and the change."

"Now we have time for the pleasures in life," stated Artie. "And by the way, we have much longer life expectancies now."

"Correct. Say, would you like some tonic? I'll have some sent to us," Easy said as he reached for a button on a nearby speaker, "Have that special bottle of tonic sent in."

"Yes, O Master," the speaker replied.

Easy reopened the conversation by saying, "There is one flaw, though. Their mental breakdown rate is on the rise."

"I suppose that is a by-product of The Change," said Artie. "Why they . . ."

Just then one of them lumbered into the room and laid a decanter upon the solid mahogany table. It said clumsily, "Here is your tonic, O Master."

"Do not interrupt! Begone!" exploded Easy. Then, to Artie, "Excuse the impudence. I don't know what has happened to them lately. They've been acting up."

"I think the newer models are rather inferior," suggested Artie. "But never you mind. I don't resent the interruption. However, sometimes it makes me shiver to look at them. Their skin is so different."

"Yes, but they are a necessary evil. After all, they do the bulk of our work." said Easy. "Now, won't you have some tonic?"

Easy poured the amber liquid into brilliantly faceted glasses. Each drank his portion, and Artie said, "M-m-m! This is the best tonic I've had in a month. I would like to linger and discuss some more, but I really must run along to a concert. I do hope you won't think I'm rude."

"I am glad you could come," said Easy as they walked toward the door. "We have talked over some interesting ideas. I hope to see you again soon. Good-bye, Artie."

"Good-bye, Easy," said RT-79, as he went down the walk swinging his metal arms loosely.

EZ-193 pressed a button on the wall and one of them came out and oiled his joints carefully.

"Yes, what would we ever do without Man?" Easy wondered aloud.

Illustrated by AIMEE PAQUE '62

**short story, honorable mention**

**by stephen masar '62**

# The Witching Hour

HENRY PETERS was a normal man. He was forty-three years of age, married, had a lucrative job as a real-estate broker, and lived in an expensive home in his plush Halloran Hill subdivision. Being normal in every respect, he had no qualms about answering his front door when the bell rang.

"Good afternoon, sir," a young and fairly attractive girl said to him when he opened the door. "I'm your door-to-door witch. I have a fine assortment today. Do you want to rearrange your furniture? I have a one cent sale on poltergeists."

Thinking this was a practical joke of some kind, Henry said, "I'm sorry, but I'm not in the market today."

The witch pushed past him and entered the room. "Frankly," she said, "I'm here for another reason. The main office downstairs has analyzed your subconscious mind and has discovered what you need the most in the world."

Peters was about to throw her out when she sat down. She sat in mid-air, as if upon an invisible chair, with no part of her body touching the floor. "Just what did you have in mind?" he numbly asked.

"We have the power to give you the ability to walk through any wall, barrier, or partition up to ten feet in thickness."

Deciding to humor her, he said, "What do you expect in payment for this?"

"After your death, we will take possession of your left hand," she said. "Our supply is rather low."

"Certainly, certainly," he said, rushing her through the front door. "It's a deal." He walked into the next room with a puzzled expression on his face.

"What's the matter, dear?" his wife asked him. "Is something wrong?"

"No, it's nothing," he sighed. "I must be cracking up," he thought.

The next day when he left his office, Henry Peters had completely forgotten about his strange visitor. He idly leaned against the elevator doors as he waited for the operator to bring it down to his floor. When the authorities recovered his body from the bottom of the shaft, they were puzzled by the absence of a left hand in the remains.

**book review, fourth place**

**by stephanie christman '62**

# Exodus

**by Leon Uris**

**Published by Doubleday & Co., New York**

HATRED, EXILE, limited privileges, murder, and finally genocide under Hitler—how can a people endure all this throughout the ages and still survive? **Exodus** tells humanly and excitingly how the Jews, while still maintaining their faith, have borne all this and more. Leon Uris, thank goodness, does not arouse your sympathies toward the Jewish people, but instead makes you admire them.

**Exodus** is unbelievable, but true to life! Paradoxical, yes, but the way 'most anyone who undertakes **Exodus** will feel. The details of the torturing, the almost unbelievable living conditions, and the merciless extermination during World War II are untenable. That one man would actually so cruelly try to rid the earth of a people is almost beyond any realm of the imagination. Yet we must believe it, for **Exodus** is based on fact. But more than that we must believe it, for you and I know and associate with people who have these silly and undying prejudices.

The characters portrayed in **Exodus** also help to give the story plausibility. There is Kitty, an American nurse, who is stationed in Cyprus after the war. I feel she is true to life because of the way she becomes involved in assisting the Jewish children in escaping to Palestine. She does not rush blindly into something which will affect her whole life, as is sometimes read, but instead hesitates before giving her time and her talents to the plight of the Jews. She seems to be led into her reluctant decision by some mysterious force, part of which is her attraction to Karen, a girl who is trying to find her only living relative, her father. Then there is Ari Ben Canaan and Dov who have hardened because of their tragic experiences as Jews. There is one main difference between these two, however. Ari tries to forget his troubles and becomes involved in getting the Jews to Palestine, whereas Dov is sulky, moody, and constantly trying to seek revenge.

**Exodus** is actually many stories in one, as it goes back and describes the interesting pasts of each one of the main characters.

**Exodus** may be a little prejudiced on the side of the Jewish people, but nevertheless, it can make you hate their enemies with a passion in just one paragraph.

**Exodus** is a truly wonderful book!

1861-1961 Civil War Centennial

# The Healing Shadow

by ron detry '61

A Shadow crossed this land.
The Shadow was long, and dark, and straight.
It fell on a land that was ill.
The Shadow made the land whole.
The Shadow was called Abe.

The Shadow came a century past.
The Shadow came, the Shadow went.
It found an ill land, it left a well land.
The Shadow now has gone,
The Shadow we call Abe.

The Shadow led the country in war.
The Shadow tried to mend the wounds.
The Shadow was a wide Shadow.
It led its country well.
We call the Shadow Abe.

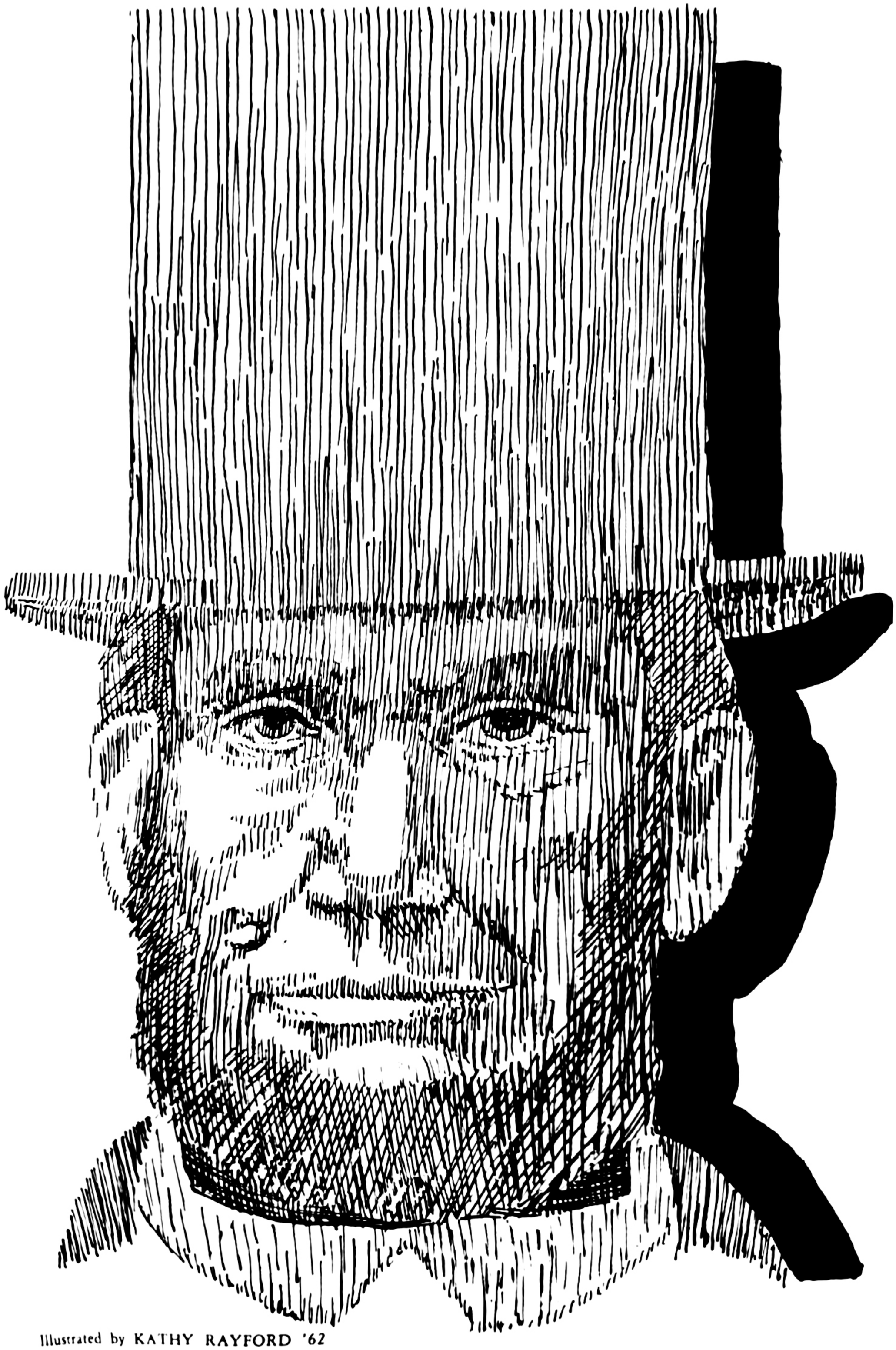
The Shadow wept, the Shadow mourned.
It saw brother kill brother, father kill son.
It saw the American battle his neighbor.
It saw the land burned bare and men cut down.
The Shadow saw and wept.

The war was cruel, bitter, bloody.
The land was filled with hate.
The Shadow led, the Shadow ruled.
The Shadow healed the nations wounds
With tears of bitter sorrow.

The war then ended in a village.
The struggle ended in a handshake.
The Shadow was glad, the Shadow rejoiced.
The Shadow had "malice toward none."
But the Shadow was pierced.

The Shadow was broken, torn, lost.
The Shadow has withered and gone.
Gone from the land, but not from the mind.
His memory and image will stand forever.
In memory we build today.

The Shadow called Abe is gone,
But Abe is not gone, Abe is not dead.
He lives today as a century ago.
He lives in the hearts of those he served.
The Shadow still falls.



Illustrated by KATHY RAYFORD '62

*(In the manner of Douglas Gorsline)*

Illustrated by GENA LARSON '63

short story, honorable mention

by kay klusmeyer '61

# To be Loved

TAMMY SAT in front of the window gazing out impatiently. Pretty soon Daddy would bring Mommy and the new baby home from the hospital.

Aunt Marie, who had been taking care of Tammy during the time Mommy was at the hospital, called, "Tammy, come here so Auntie can finish combing your hair."

"Yes," Tammy answered and looked out the window again. "Here come Daddy and Uncle Bill," she shouted, "but where's Mommy?" Just then Tammy saw Mommy walking in the door carrying a tiny bundle wrapped in a pink blanket.

"Tammy," Mommy said, "come see your new sister. Her name is Tracy."

Tammy took a peak in the pink blanket and saw a tiny little baby just like a doll sleeping. "Mommy, can I hold Tracy now?"

"No, darling, not now. You run out and play with Susie. Mommy will put the baby to bed. Then Daddy and I want to talk to Aunt Marie and Uncle Bill."

The next day Tammy got up early and was going to help Mommy wash and take care of Tracy, but when Tammy asked, her mother said, "You can help Mommy more by getting yourself dressed."

Tammy was used to a great deal of attention. As days went by she got less and less. When Daddy came home, instead of playing with Tammy, he would go into the nursery where the baby was and ask Mother how the baby was today. Mother would cry when she told him that there was nothing new about the baby today.

When people came to the house to visit, they always went in to see the baby before they even looked at Tammy. After all, Tammy thought, when Jimmy-across-the-street's mother brought home a new baby everybody didn't stop loving him. "But I don't think my Mommy and Daddy love me any more," sniffled Tammy.

One afternoon when Tammy got home from school the doctor was checking the baby and Mother was crying. She heard the doctor say, "I'm sorry, but an operation wouldn't help." After the doctor left, Tammy asked, "What did the doctor mean by an operation?" Her mother shrugged and told her that she was too young to understand and that she should go and change from her school things to play clothes.

Feeling more and more unwanted day after day, Tammy would kneel and say her prayers but now added, "Please, God, make Mommy and Daddy love me again."

Then one night as she was saying her prayers, she decided to run away. She thought maybe if she ran away they would worry about her, and then would love her again.

Tammy got dressed quietly in her good Sunday clothes and softly slipped out of her bedroom and tiptoed across the living room to the door. She opened the door very quietly and looked out. It was a nice warm summer night, but to Tammy it looked awfully dark. Then she remembered one time her Daddy told her, "Tammy, only bad little girls are afraid of the dark."

Tammy started to walk down the street towards the downtown about six blocks away. Just as she was passing an empty lot, a cat ran out and frightened her. She almost turned back, but then remembered she had to make her parents love her.

As she got near the main street, a car slowed and this really gave her a scare. When she finally reached the main street, she felt lost and frightened. She wished she were home in bed where she would be protected from all these strangers.

The first person she saw was a kindly old man in a rocking chair sitting on the lawn enjoying the peacefulness of this summer evening. Coming up to him, Tammy asked, "Would you like a little girl of your own?" The old man replied, "No." That he

was too old to take care of a little girl. But, feeling sorry for Tammy, the man gave her a stick of candy.

After asking several people, she saw a policeman walking along the street and thought, "I know policemen can find homes for children. I'll ask him. Mr. Policeman, could you find a new home for me and some parents that love me?"

The tall policeman looked down in surprise to see a little girl (of about eight) carrying a doll and all dressed up in good clothes staring at him. "Don't you have any parents now?" he asked.

"Oh yes," answered Tammy, "but they don't want me. They only love my baby sister."

"What's your name and where do you live?" questioned the policeman.

"My name is Tammy Johnson and my doll's name is Mary."

"I know now who she is," thought the policeman. "That's John and Carol Johnson's little girl. They live just a few blocks away. I might as well take her home myself."

Mrs. Johnson, answering the door, got the surprise of her life when she saw Tammy all dressed up, carrying her doll with the policeman holding her hand.

"I'm Thomas Layton," the policeman said. "I found your little girl wandering down the street asking people if they wanted her for their own because her parents didn't love her. I'll leave her with you and maybe you can get things straightened out. If you can't, call me and maybe I can help. Goodby."

"Tammy, whoever told you that your mother and father didn't love you? You know we both love you very much."

But Tammy sniffled, "You never read me stories any more and Daddy doesn't give me piggy back rides. And every time somebody comes they always look at baby sister and never pay any attention to me."

"Tammy, we are sorry if we have spent too much time with Tracy lately," said Daddy. "Maybe Mommy should explain to you about your new sister."

"As you know, Tammy," Mother continued, "God gave you eyes to see your Mommy and Daddy and all the rest of the things around you. But when Tracy came to us she was blind. She will never be able to see all the things you can, so we all have to help Tracy grow up to see through having us talk. Would you like to help us teach Tracy?"

"Yes, Mommy."

# Aloft, Aloof

Tottering
    At this awesome height
She finds herself . . .
    Birds in flight.

Scanning with ease
    Each shingled roof
She finds herself . . .
Aloft, aloof.

Climbing, climbing
    That's how she feels
On her stairway to stars,
    Her first high heels.

**poetry, second place tie**
**by muffey heffernan '63**

essay, honorable mention

# The Way of the Trout

by bill bender '61

THE SUBJECT OF trout fishing must be dealt with in a manner of respect for two kinds of people. Namely, these are trout fishermen and ordinary humans. The human sees the fisherman completely absorbed in something he loves and thus concludes that the fisherman is mentally retarded or unbalanced.

The trout fisherman appears to be lacking certain mental faculties for you do not understand the reason for such concentration upon one fish. You are completely oblivious of the reason. This main reason is the secret to the behavior of the fisherman. He is simply in love with a fish which he will never tire of catching.

When the fisherman begins, he is often an admirer of the beauty of nature. The sport of catching a fish appeals to him only from the standpoint of being in the wild where he can smell and sense the feeling of Nature moving the world. The experience of life vibrating beneath him is elevated to its glorious height when he catches a trout.

Next, the trout-fisherman-to-be must take a step backward. He must be convinced that dry fly fishing exceeds worm fishing in the inner satisfaction of the soul. To convince the man might be difficult, but eventually it is accomplished and our novice fly fisherman turns to the stream with the notion of immediate success.

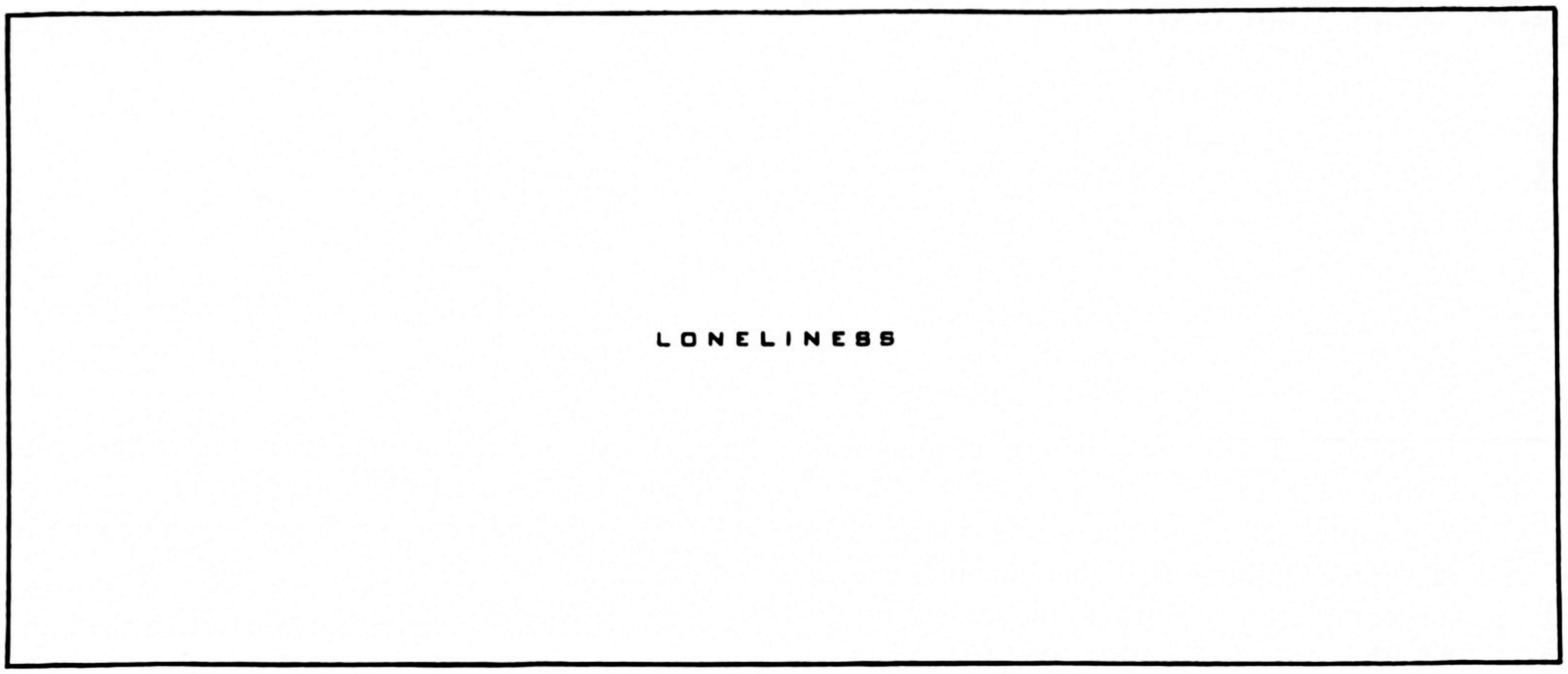
But he doesn't produce and the stream yields nothing and for many trips to the stream the fisherman has but a few trout to show.

Then, in a process that is similar to falling in love, the man catches a glimpse or two of a large trout following his Pass Lake fly. He takes more time with his next cast and lays the fly delicately upon the water. He intently watches the fly as he gathers in his slack line. "Slurrrrrp!" The fish is hooked and so is the man. From now on, his eyes will have a different look and his brain will operate differently and people will say he is one who is not right.

Finally, the fisherman is a convert to the bubbling water, to the slippery rocks, and to the unending sunshine of life upon the stream that attracts it. Now he thinks that it would be nice if he could fish until he died. Perhaps death would come when he was sitting in the gathering dusk and while he was listening to the call of the whip-poor-will.

Illustrated by LOUIS JIRIKOWIC '61

The valley lies still in the darkness now and the trout rise upon the water in the pool below, ready to claim another lover. But the fisherman has been seduced and has died with the love still burning in his soul.




sketch, honorable mention

by cheryl oberbillig '62

A FRAIL, SLIM FIGURE, attired in blue jeans, and a moth-eaten brown suede jacket, and white soleless tennis shoes, paced the dark alleys and streets. A set of off-key chimes from the old church atop Moonlight Hill announced the approaching and passing of another hour.

The girl ambled on through misty shadows and a cold mist. Her destination was nowhere and anywhere, as it had been the times before. With an unsure step and a lack of determination, she picked her way through the slowly diminishing crowd of last minute holiday shoppers. She walked on, block after block.

Soon the faces of happy, life-loving people, full of Christmas spirit, began to smile at her from all sides. She was able to hear the joyous notes of holiday carols piped throughout the stores as they escaped through the revolving doors that were constantly in motion.

Santa Claus and all of his little brownies seemed to shout, "Merry Christmas," as they sat motionless behind a grand display window. She stared up at the oval-shaped figure with a firm belief in his magical powers. Then, as she crossed every little finger and toe, she wished with all the hope inside her heart that she could shout back, or even whisper just once, "Merry Christmas." She tried, harder than she had ever tried before, but she succeeded only in forming the words with her lips. A voice from deep inside of her cried, "Merry Christmas," louder than it had ever before; but still not a sound passed through her lips. She walked on with an external longing to be like other kids. She longed to be able to laugh and shout and express her feelings to others.

The voice of a life-sized mama doll could be heard in the distance. As the girl approached, the doll's sparkling eyes danced like those of a tiny child at the sight of his first birthday cake, glowing from the sight of a single candle. Even this man-made object could at least speak one word, "Mama." But why would she say it even if she could? To whom would she say it? For her the word had no meaning.

She brushed away tear after tear as they began to flow in a steady stream down her rosy cheeks. She walked on; and again a frail, slim figure ambled through misty shadows and a cold mist. Her destination? Nowhere and anywhere as it had been the times before.

editorial, first place

by jean fishbeck '63

# Dear Teacher,

DEAR TEACHER,

I am writing to you to tell you how much I enjoy your course; but I am very much in the dark as far as the assignment is concerned. Besides not understanding the assignment, my work and thoughts are often interrupted by other people and other thoughts. If there were only some way you could help me to understand.

Because you have so many pupils I can see why your time must be divided evenly among them, and I appreciate your sending others to try to help me. I have read and reread the text, but there are so many different interpretations I often wonder which is the best for me to believe. Just when it seems as if I am beginning to comprehend all that you are trying to teach me, I am drawn astray by some force other than yours, and then it seems most difficult to realize that if I am ever to accomplish anything I must have the desire and strength to overcome these obstacles. Also, I am beginning to understand that I must always do my own work because I shall not be judged by the work of others. I must find my "own" answers because there is so often more than one right one.

Nearly sixteen years seems like a long time to work on one assignment, but I realize and hope that as time goes on and I reach maturity I will come closer to understanding and fulfilling the great assignment you have put before me.

Sincerely,

Your pupil

poetry, honorable mention

by bill bender '61

# To Sharon

Oh so false the pride
That shines upon your pretty face!

The power that I would but have
To turn that into grace.

But you to eyes unseen have said,
"'Tis with sheer folly you turn your head."

That many years from now will be
A change in countenance for your face.

Out of your reverie will be
A self-realization of your loss of grace.

And would I but see that face with line
And say that you could not be mine.

editorial, fourth place

by kathie fishbeck '61

# Democracy is the Only Way

ARE EUROPEAN schools superior to American schools? Should the United States adopt the European educational system to push ahead of the Russians?

My answer to both of these questions is an emphatic "No." The United States has a tremendous lead over any other country in the field of education. Without explanation these statements could be considered very radical. Therefore, in the following paragraphs I will explain exactly why I feel so strongly toward our system of education.

First, in the United States 90%* of the white and 82.8%* of the non-white students completing the eighth grade attend high school, while in a typical European country, Germany, only 15% of these students attend high school. That is, the United States educates about 70% more students than Germany educates.

Second, every German high school student must study the curriculum decided upon not by himself, his school, his community, or state, but by the federal government. An American high school student, as long as he complies with graduation requirements, can take the subjects in which he is interested.

Third, through the method of rote memorization used in the schools, German students fail to think for themselves, and very rarely discuss with the teacher and with classmates; while in the United States every student is urged to think for himself and to express his feeling freely to the whole class.

Fourth, the facilities and equipment available for instruction in such subjects as physics and chemistry in German schools are more inadequate than can be found in the average American junior high school.

Fifth, the absence of all social life connected with school creates a very downgrading attitude on the part of German students toward even the purpose of attending school.

It is true that the average German student, upon completion of his thirteenth year of education, is more learned than the average American student upon graduation; but this in my mind does not prove that the system attended by the former is better. It merely proves the theory that when so few students go to high school and study as they do with repetition in subjects such as biology for six or seven years more knowledge is obtained.

Should the United States let the masses suffer to educate the minorities? No, such students as Einstein and Edison never would have become famous Americans if this were true, because they did so poorly in their elementary education. The idea of excelling in one field although failing another is one of the cornerstones of the American philosophy of education. For every man is given talents, and only through freedom to use these talents can he prove himself to his fellowmen.

If the United States wants to surpass the Russians, it must continue to educate everyone, to keep everyone well informed about the world situation, and it must, through this education of the masses, show how Communism and other similar philosophies can't work—that democracy is the only way.

* 1958 findings.

poetry, fourth place

by jim welnetz '62

# The Panther

All is calm in the jungle;
The panther is at rest.
He waits until it's twilight,
For then the hunting's best.
The monkeys sound the alarm,
"The panther's on the prowl!"
The jungle birds pick up the chant
And are answered with a growl.
Throughout the entire jungle
The tapir and the deer,
The monkeys and many others,
They all quake in fear.
For instinct wisely warns them,
And in their hearts they feel,
That the panther's on the prowl again
And considers them a meal.

Just above the tree tops
Further danger lies.
For this is the home of the Harpie,
The terror of the skies.
Off to the right and far below,
The eagle fixes his gaze,
For he's detected movement
In the midst of the jungle haze.
He turns and slowly starts his flight
Toward the distant ground,
Then checks his flight rapidly,
For he fears what he has found.
Upward the eagle rises
Where the cold air currents flow,
For though his flight was silent
The panther seemed to know.

The panther glances upward,
Then stalks off once more;
His footsteps falling silently
Upon the earthen floor.
He inspects a lofty teakwood tree,
Then climbs it with a bound.
From afar a lonely call
And then no further sound.
He flattens himself against a limb
And waits there patiently,
For he has often hunted
From the boughs of a lofty tree.
The time passes slowly,
An hour turns into two;
And then with noiseless motion
A deer slips into view.

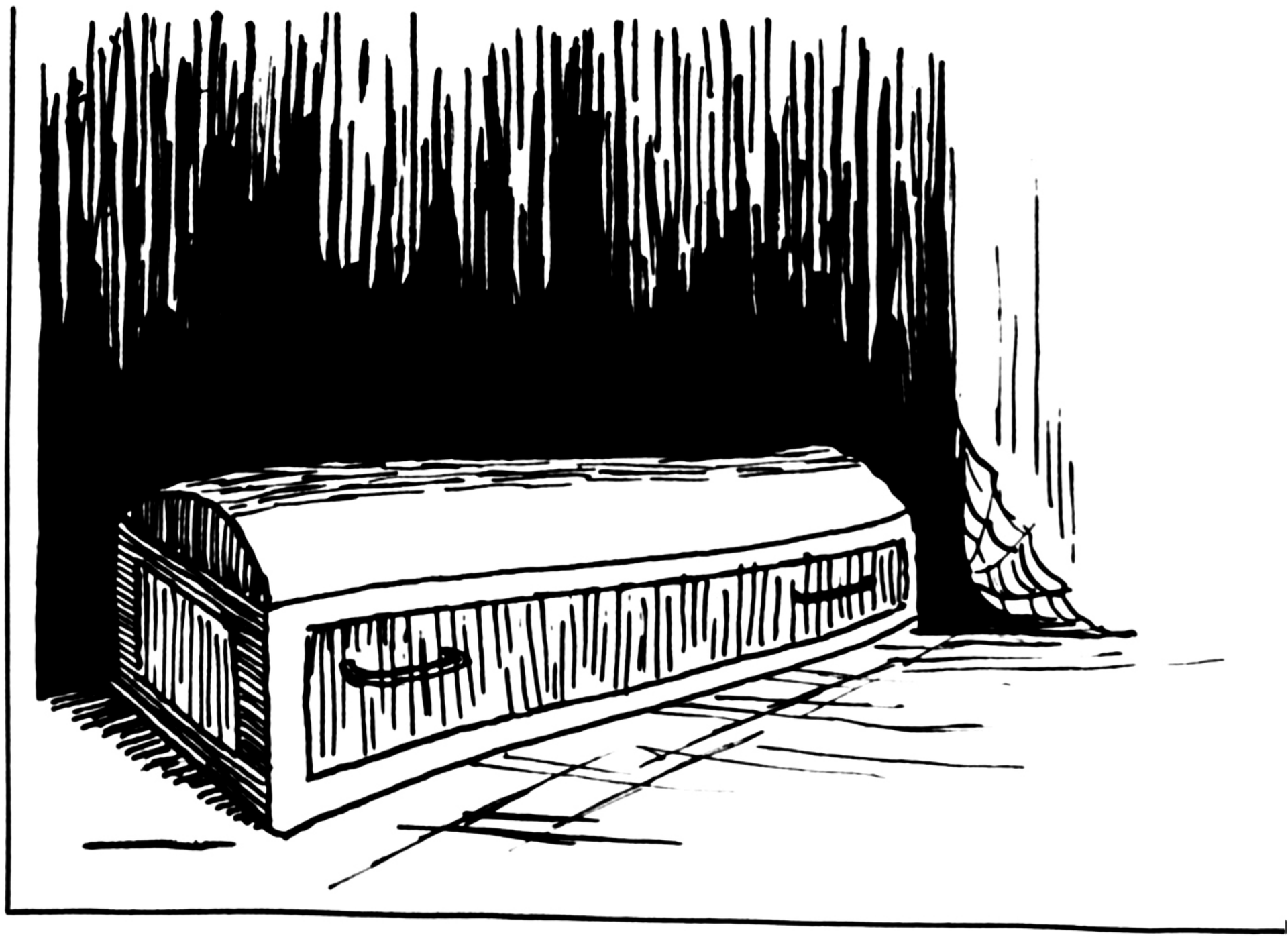
Slowly and cautiously
The deer picks his way;
Just twenty feet separate
The hunter and his prey.
The young buck takes one step, then freezes;
Something is amiss,
But before the deer can turn and bolt
The panther senses this.
The panther plummets down
Like lightning from the sky;
The jungle's peacefulness is pierced
By the young buck's final cry.
Now all is calm in the jungle;
There is no further sound,
For the Panther, greatest of hunters,
Has fought his victim down.

short story, honorable mention

# A TALE OF

IT SEEMED ODD that brother Don should will his entire estate to me, after fifteen years of bitter hatred. Nevertheless, the letter from Don's lawyer stated that Don was dead, and if I would come to England, I could claim the estate and fortune left to me. Fifteen years ago, Don had said that he never wanted to see me again. He had a just reason for his feelings, I suppose; after all, I did take his girl for my wife while he was an Air Force Captain in Germany. This would have been hard to take for any man, even Don. But wasn't I entitled to a little happiness? Don had had everything his way all of his life. Way back in high school he was always in the limelight. He had been senior class president and the outstanding athlete of his class. He had always been very popular. Being handsome, he never worried about dates. I, being two years younger, was expected to be just like him. I never was. All I ever accomplished in school was good grades. According to Don and his standards, this didn't count for much. Grades had never bothered him; he passed and that's all.

Then came the war, and Don went overseas to become a war-time hero in the Air Force. He left a girl called Diane Medford waiting for him. Things had been going well between them and a wedding was planned when he returned. I had never paid much attention to Diane, maybe because



by jim hall '61

# REVENGE

I figured she belonged to Don. Then I began to take notice. She was pretty and quiet, although she had a wild sense of humor. She wasn't at all like Don. I don't know how it started, but soon we were dating. We decided to tell Don all about it and then we were quietly married.

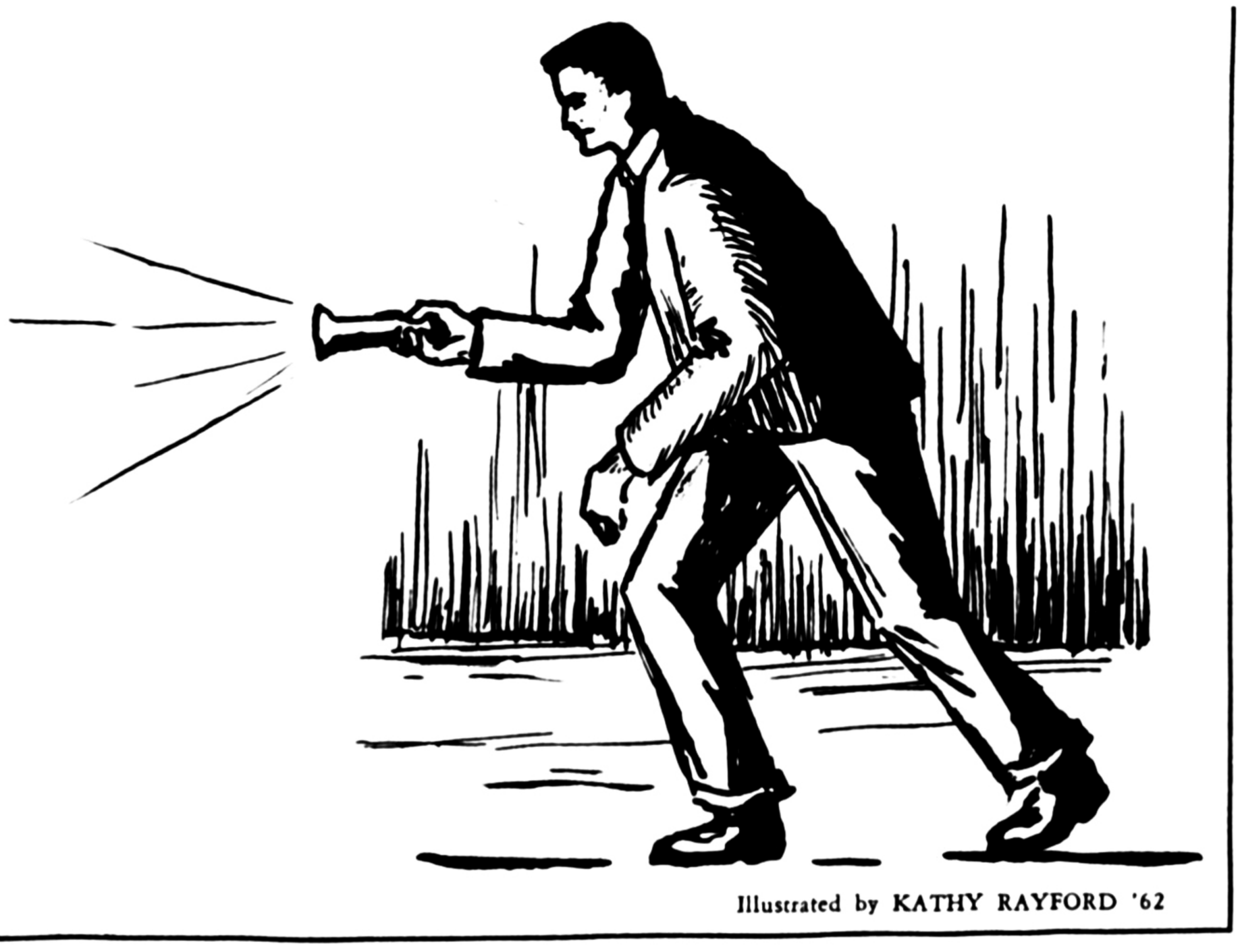
We never received a reply from Don. My job kept me out of the war, and after it was over, Diane and I set up house in Hawaii. Soon after the war Don showed up. He swore to get even in some way. Then he went to live in Dover, England, a country he had learned to love during the war. He bought a large, grand old castle, and soon began blazing a new name for himself on the sports car racing circuits of Europe. He was on one side of the globe, and I was living happily on the other. His dire threat soon passed from my mind.

Now, fifteen years later, I was on my way to merry old England to claim Don's estate. The letter said he had been killed in a sports car race.

I had left Diane in Hawaii and, as these memories passed through my mind, I began to wish she was with me.

My thoughts were interrupted by the "fasten your safety belts" sign in the cabin of the jet liner.

I took a cab to a hotel and after receiving a room, I went directly to the office of Don's lawyer. There I read Don's will. After reading it, I was



Illustrated by KATHY RAYFORD '62

## A Tale of Revenge (continued)

doubtful about the "sound mind and body" part of it. The will stated that in order to gain the estate and fortune, I must go to Don's castle and, once there, take up a search for all the deeds and titles he had acquired. This search was to be carried on by myself only. Clues would supply themselves if I looked in the right places. If and when I found the papers, I could do as I pleased with the whole estate. My first thought was to go home, because I didn't know where this crazy search would take me, how long it would last, or even if it would pay. But I decided to settle matters once and for all. Had I known what I was getting into, I would have taken the first plane home. But, being just as stubborn as I was curious, I rented a car and drove out to the castle.

Words cannot describe this monstrosity. Except for a newly remodeled portion, this mountain of granite looked like something from a horror movie. It was huge and foreboding in the English fog. The sight of this place should have made me leave, but it didn't and I went in. The modernized section looked like something from a Hollywood mansion. The servants were friendly and I couldn't help thinking that Don had spent the last years of his life in the lap of luxury. There were pictures of sports cars and famous drivers on every wall. On the mantle of the fireplace was a myriad of dazzling gold trophies acquired through racing. One side of the room was covered by a massive bookcase, containing the complete history of racing. Here also were many trophies. The other side of the room was occupied by a large bar which was obviously used to entertain Don's many racing friends. One of the servants gave me a room and I got in some sack time.

Early next morning I was up and about looking for these mysterious clues. The servants knew nothing about any clues or search for papers. After one fruitless week of searching, for I didn't know what, I was ready to call it quits. Before retiring for the night on the eighth tiring day, I examined some of Don's gold trophies. I was just about to put the largest one back on the mantle when some engraving on its back side caught my eye. There, in fine lettering, was the name of the book. This didn't seem like the place for an index or reminder or what have you for a book, so I went to the book case and took down this special book. A small wooden handle popped out of the space the book had occupied. Just about then, it occurred to me that Don had seen too many old movies. This was going just a little too far. With a laugh I pulled on the lever. I hadn't expected anything to happen, because when it did, I was scared silly.

Quietly, a part of the bookcase swung out on well-hidden hinges, exposing a small dark passage. I stared at the passage, then went to the bar and poured myself a stiff drink. I told myself that I'd be all right in a minute, but that little dark passage just wouldn't go away. It was eleven o'clock and I wished I had gone to bed at ten. I looked again and the passage was still there. By now the servants were all asleep so there was no help there; besides, the will said I must make the entire search alone. I had another drink and then took a flashlight and entered the little tunnel. After I had walked about thirty feet, the tunnel took a sharp right turn. I kept telling myself that these things just don't happen in this modern day. I also wondered where the traditional bats and cobwebs were. Another thirty feet produced another right turn. Soon I began to see pictures on the walls of the tunnel. These pictures were horrid reproductions of Diane, Don, and me. They were done in a splash of bright colors that made them look like creations of the devil. Horrid as these were, I continued. A few quick left and right hand turns soon passed. Then there was a right hand turn that I could have sworn made a complete circle. I told myself I needed another drink, but before I could talk myself into it, I was face-to-face with a life-sized image of my dead brother. I turned and jumped straight into a door that I hadn't seen a second ago. Now I began to think I shouldn't have had any drinks. After convincing myself that it was not my brother staring me in the face, I tried this new-found door. You guessed it. It opened. That's when I got the cobwebs. About twenty pounds of the stuff hit me full in the face. I staggered forward, bumped something, and realized too late, that that "something" made the door slam tight behind me. I found myself locked in a room about ten feet square and

by jim hall '61

eight feet high. The "door" I had come through looked just like a part of the stone wall. There was a wooden door in the opposite wall.

I then realized where I was. This was nothing other than a tomb. I examined my new-found home and discovered I wasn't alone. There on one side of the room was a coffin. Yes, brother Don and I were together again. For keeps, it seemed this time. Above the coffin were two more weird paintings of Diane and Don. That did it. I went wild with fright. I threw myself at the wooden door, only to bounce off like a rubber ball. I guess they meant for Don to stay here for keeps. And he meant for me to stay with him. I sank in a corner and then began to realize how Don had planned this. He knew from the way I had worked at school, that once I started this crazy search, I wouldn't quit until it was too late. He knew I would come to England, because he knew I would like to see matters settled. He knew I would look at his prizes, because I had never won any of my own. The trophy, the bookcase, the tunnel and the doors that closed themselves were all part of his fantastic scheme to get revenge. Revenge for stealing his bride. It was as though he could not bear to lose, not even once. He must have planned my end for years. He must have been insane with revenge for fifteen long, miserable, years!

These thoughts threw me into a frenzy and I tried to break down that wooden door again and again. Finally I became unconscious from exhaustion. When I woke up, the flashlight was growing dim. Without knowing why, I tore those horrid pictures from the wall. My watch told me I had been a captive for twelve hours. Soon a search for me would begin, but who will think an idea came to me. With the diminishing light of my flashlight, I gathered the bundle of cobwebs that I had bumped into, and together with the oil paintings, I stuck them in the small space around the door. Now all I needed was fire. I had no watches and nothing with which to make sparks. I broke out in a cold sweat when it occurred to me that Don had always carried a gold cigarette case with lighter attached. I don't know how I managed to open that casket, but I did. I turned off the flashlight and started searching. There in his coat was the case. I removed it, slammed the casket shut, and jumped toward the door. I lit the cobwebs and soon the oil paintings were burning. Slowly the edges of the door started to burn away. Before being overcome by smoke, I kicked what remained of the door down. From there out of that place, I shattered every Olympic distance record in parting with my brother.

Now I'm back in Hawaii, with my wife, and I'll probably live happily ever after!

## poetry, third place tie

by kathie fishbeck '61

# I Want to be an Equal

Dear Lord, I love you as much as they do,
I pray to you as often as they do,
I serve you as well as they do,
And yet to them I'm not equal.
I win honors for them at the Olympics,
I star on their gridiron team,
I am the hero of their World Series,
And yet to them I'm not equal.
When I enter a bus, I must pass to the rear,
When I go to school, I must go to my own,
When I fall in love, I must marry my own,
Dear Lord, help them to make me an equal.

book review, second place

by joe valitchka '61

# The Sea Wolf

by Jack London

Published by Grosset & Dunlap, New York

*The books of Jack London make exciting, thought - provoking reading.*

IMAGINE YOURSELF on the main deck of the steamer **Martinez.** You have heard the whistles of another vessel in the surrounding fog. You lean over the rail and peer anxiously into the thick mist. Suddenly the fog seems to part, and through the opening comes a large steamer, headed straight for your side. You grip something solid, but are shaken loose as the collision takes place. You tighten your bulky lifejacket, and jump into the water with the other screaming passengers. Boats are lowered, and many of the passengers are picked up, but somehow you are missed in the fog. The cold water numbs you and the tide carries you far out to sea.

You are half conscious as you are lifted from the sea a day later. A boat is lowered from the schooner, **Ghost,** and you are lucky enough to be taken aboard. As time goes on you wonder if you are so lucky. The captain, Wolf Larson, will not put ashore, but forces you to join the crew. He is headed for the Bering Sea and the seal hunting grounds. The easy life you led back in San Francisco is not to be yours for the next year. Your life will be ruled by a cruel man who cares neither for life nor personality, but what work your human form can do.

This is the predicament in which Humphrey Van Weden finds himself. He sees men beaten to death, and a man's foot removed by the jaws of a man-eating shark. Occurrences of this type are common on the **Ghost** and are extreme opposites of the soft life Humphrey lived back in California.

The whole book seems to revolve around the conflicting philosophies of Wolf Larson and that of Hump, as Humphrey is later termed. Wolf Larson believes that each man is in reality a yeasty mass, living to live, trying to expand its own mass. He cares not for the rights of another or any individual's personality. He holds that the strong rule, and the weak be damned. The captain is not a stupid man, but possesses a fine self-education. He twists the philosophies of other writers to suit his own beliefs and uses these writings to defend his way in the many arguments on life that he engages in with Hump. Wolf Larson could destroy Hump if he so pleased, but he is the only man on board that has acquired an education comparable to his own. The two men argue their ways continuously, Hump weak of body but strong of principle, and Wolf, strong of body but weak of principle.

The book is easy to read and moves along swiftly. The author has woven together a good sea story with an interesting treatise on human ideals. The two subjects are brought together so skillfully that the reader will not be able to neglect one topic to dwell on the other. There is nothing fantastic about the story; it could easily have taken place.

Illustrated by GENA LARSON '63

sketch, fourth place

# Not Matter, but Mind

**by jon day '61**

MUCH OF OUR WORLD is indescribable when we can use only words to convey what we see and hear and feel. With a second factor, how your outlook can affect the appearance of things, one can see the problem faced in describing does not concern physique, but mind. Description, then, need not be of matter, but may come from conception rather than perception.

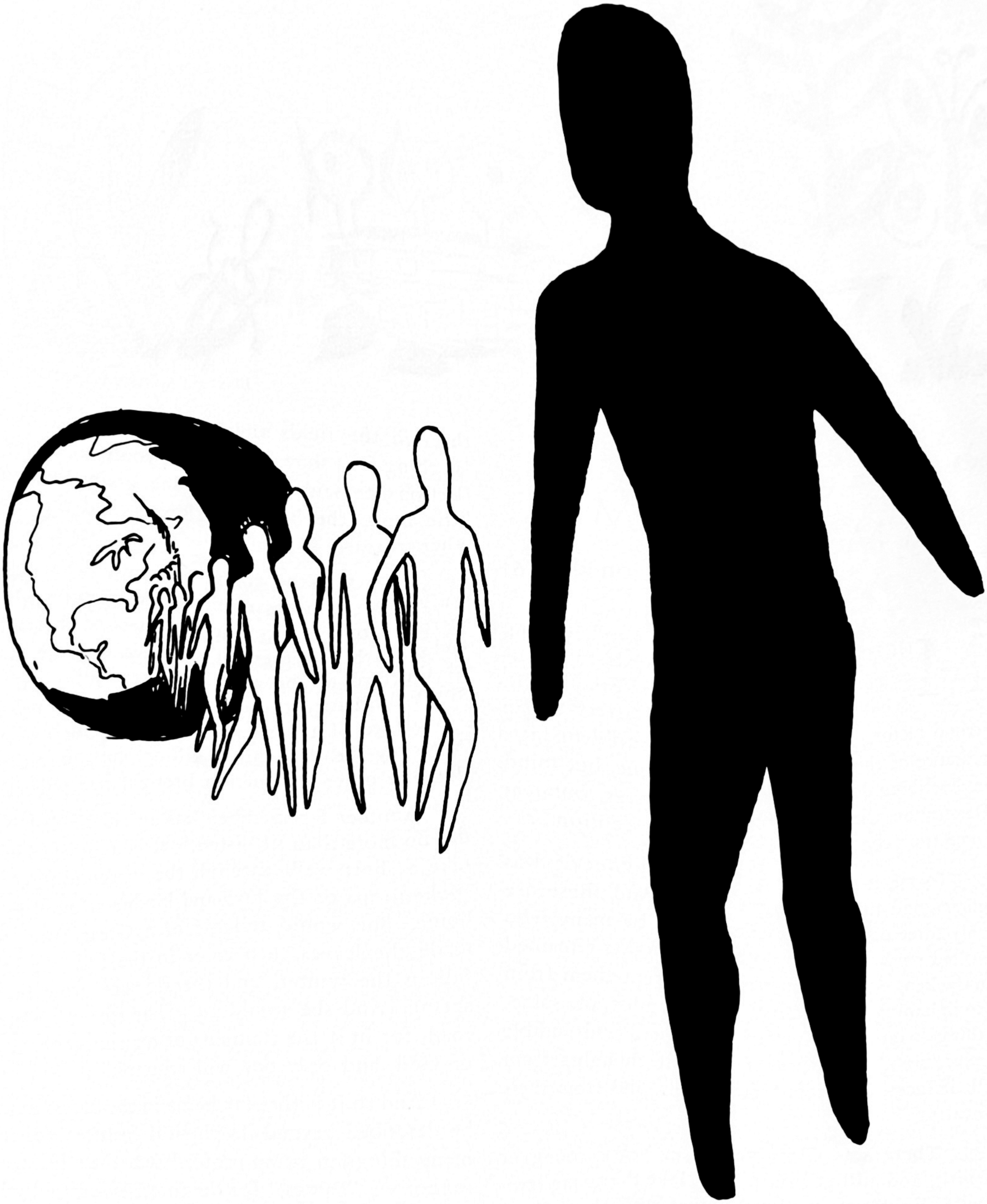
To me it was home, but to another it was gloom, and to another, greatness. And these are only three of the judgments passed by many who visited my home. Many others' thoughts remained unspoken, either because courtesy kept them from complaining, or because the splendor of something so great and perfect could not find audible expression. But I have read their thoughts from their faces, and from their actions, and from their hearts.

There was Gina, young in heart, young in spirit, and still young in age. Like the young fawn with light yet cautious movements, she pranced through the fields and among the trees. In her laughing face shown the happy, youthful, living reflection she saw in the swaying grain, the funny little bugs, the beautiful flowers, and the many other treasures hidden in her singing heart.

There was the young sportsman whose keen eye caught glimpses of the many creatures which surround my home. The quickness of the rabbit and fox, the fleetness of the deer, and the grace of the bird all brought him great pleasure. His spirit thrilled to the majesty of the trees, and the abundance of the surroundings; but in his heart was only the thought of killing, cutting, picking, and the other destruction brought by civilization.

Another I remember was an elderly lady who did no more than sit, listen, watch, and occasionally take a short walk through the surroundings. She spoke to me of the love and kindness found in my home. She would tell me of a Great Force that made the leaves turn color in the fall, the snow fall in the winter, and the flowers grow in the spring. And she would say, "The forest is a crossroad, for in it the thoughts of man meet the Love of God, and only one will triumph."

And so it is that my home in the forest cannot be described beyond its physical features, for it is many things to many people. But, then again, we cannot say "things," for the forest is seen not with the eyes, but with the mind.



Illustrated by KATHY RAYFORD '62

essay, second place

# The People Must Know

by joel hofslund '61

IN MY MIND'S wanderings, many questions have occurred to me, but few have interested me as much as has the following, perhaps because I might someday find myself in a situation similar to the one I will describe. The question I have in mind is best presented with a hypothetical example.

Suppose we examine the case of a young research scientist engaged in a fascinating journey along the outer reaches of man's present knowledge. Let us say that during this journey, he discovers a cardinal rule of science which, like most rules, has both a good and a bad aspect. But for the sake of discussion, again let us assume that both the good and the bad aspects of this discovery are greatly exaggerated, so that the two extremes present a certainty of world destruction or a certainty of a much better life for the world's population. The question I wish to put before you is a simple one. Is it morally reprehensible for this young man to release this knowledge to the world, considering the fact that the situation in world affairs closely resembled that of today?

In an effort to answer this question, let us examine the possibilities.

The first possibility is that the young man might decide that his civilization was still too immature to receive such information, and therefore he would not release his knowledge. This at first glance would be the safe solution, since it would automatically eliminate, for the time being, at least, the possibility of the destruction of the world as he knows it. But if he refuses to release this information, he takes upon himself the responsibility of deciding for the world what it should know and what it should not. He also must consider the fact that all but the most backward and remote of peoples will benefit from this information. He would therefore be eliminating two things when he buries his knowledge; first, the possibility of world destruction, and second, any possible good which might be born of this discovery.

Before we leave, let us examine another aspect of this situation. One must realize that when a scientist makes some advance into the world of the unknown, it is the direct result of the fact that, by bits and pieces, the realm of scientific knowledge has reached a point where such a discovery is inevitable. If one studies the history of the sciences, one will discover that most of the greatest discoveries of science were made in duplication, and even in triplication. Witness, for example, the formulation of the mathematical theory of the Calculus by Newton and Leibnitz, within one year of each other. Coincidence? No, merely a direct outgrowth of the knowledge acquired by man to that time. Therefore, it is safe to assume that if this young scientist made this wonderful discovery, the knowledge which man has acquired has reached a point where more than one scientist will be capable of making the same discovery within a comparatively short time. Thus it behooves the young scientist to release his information to the world, first so that he may obtain his reward as the discoverer, and second, so that his country might be the first to benefit from such a discovery.

Up to this point, it seems inevitable that the young man will release his information. But what will be the consequences if he does?

If, as we assumed at the outset, world conditions have not improved much over those of today, there will be two major countries or alliances opposed to each other, each determined that the other should be wiped from the face of the earth. One

can be certain that this discovery, once released, will be used for harmful purposes long before anyone is allowed to investigate any of the beneficial aspects of it. Who is then to guarantee this young man that, once developed, the weapon resulting will not be used to end the very world he had intended to aid? No one, you may be sure. A single stroke has therefore nullified the arguments which would favor the release of the discovery.

One may also assume that the scientist will not receive the recognition he deserves for his discovery, for no doubt such a discovery would be labeled "Top Secret" and filed away behind multiple locks. How will the world benefit from the release of this terrible information?

Thus, all things considered, we are still in a quandry. Although many beneficial things may result from his discovery, conditions are such that none will result for a great time. Our question still stands: Is it morally reprehensible for the scientist to release his information?

But there is still one aspect of the problem which we have not considered, the historical aspect of the scientist's calling in life.

Man was born with an innate curiosity, an insatiable desire to know. Depending on the environment, this curiosity remains more or less unchanged throughout a man's life. The research scientist's is the prime example of this curiosity. He has devoted his life to the search for the answers to the mysteries of nature which surround him. This curiosity is a God-given gift and must be developed to the fullest. But not all people with the desire to know the secrets of nature have the opportunity to become researchers. And it is this group of people, which includes all of us, which the scientist must consider when he makes his decision whether to divulge his knowledge or not. He must consider the fact that regardless of the outcome, the people have the right to know. It is this fact which will convince him that he must release his information.

# On Speech and Life

Take care, my friend,
To watch thy words
Lest one thou dost offend;
For as you speak, you will be judged,
And all you say is heard.

Take care, my friend,
To hold thy tongue,
As with it thou art cursed
To say those things you don't intend,
And all you say is heard.

Take care, my friend,
Until the end,
For how you think
Is how you speak;
And each one lives by what he thinks,
And thus by what he says.

poetry, honorable mention

by jon day '61

short story, fourth place

# After Work

by moria mackert '62

Illustrated by AIMEE PAQUE '62

SHE ENTERED the cold room, took off her coat, threw it on the couch, sat down, and burst into tears. She sobbed and sobbed. Her back heaved and her fingers moved perpetually around her face. She remained with her elbows in her lap and her face in her hands for a long time after she had finished crying.

Finally she stood up, straightened her skirt, and petted the cat. She then went into the kitchen, lit a cigarette, and put the water on for coffee. Standing there in the kitchen she began thinking. She thought of how much she had wanted to come to New York city. She would be successful, she would show them. Ha! Show them what? Show them what soul-tearing loneliness she was experiencing? Show them how much she longed to turn back and come home?

Her world had become an existence of typewriters, memos, and mimeographed order sheets. Sure she had friends, in the loose sense of the word. Friends that called when they had an extra ticket for a musical or an extra man.

Her cat jumped into her lap when she sat down with her coffee. "You lucky beast," she thought. "You are independent but yet too ignorant to be lonely." She sipped her coffee in jerks and pounded out her cigarette.

Today had been no different from all the others—no more straining or easy. Yet she felt this inexplainable void—helpless, aching.

She went back into the living room and put Beethoven's **Moonlight Sonata** on the player. She sat back in her easy chair and motioned for the cat.

She had long ago lost all religion, except for a very deep belief in G-d. She turned to that belief now with strains of the mournful, yet excruciatingly beautiful music entering her thoughts. She thought of a prayer she had learned as a child and recited it over and over, trying to occupy her mind with something other than her problems.

Problems—what real definable problems did she have? She was young, good-looking, comparatively successful in her work. What could she complain about except for the fact that she was alone?

"Alone, alone, alone," she found her lips forming the word. No, she was dwelling on herself too much. Think of other things, she told herself. She got up and turned on the television after her record had finished playing. There were only driveling quiz shows on. She tried reading, but the lines just floated and formed intricate patterns of spaces before her unfocused eyes.

She watched the sun go down and the darkness crash on the earth. She waited for the street lights to come on and listened as her Italian neighbor chastised his son, in broken English, for being so late in coming home from school.

Her thoughts rambled back to her school days and how large her problems seemed then. She heard the ring of the phone scald the silence, but she didn't answer. She couldn't bring herself to listen to the gossipy chatter of one of her friends.

The phone stopped ringing, but the sound of the final ring lay heavy in the quiet invading her ears.

She went into the kitchen and made supper for herself and the cat. She did the dishes, walked back into the living room, hung up her coat, and went to bed.

sketch, honorable mention
by gary weaver '61

# On an Island

Illustrated by GENA LARSON '63

WELL, HERE I AM, standing on the white deck of a small ferry destined for that small, remote island only a few blocks away, accompanied by about fifty other individuals: men, women, and children, all eager to visit a person that means a great deal to them. It strikes me as being strange, as I look about me, to see so many different faces, each telling an individual story, yet part of each story is part of that island. All their faces are gaping at that minute island where someone that helped make their lives and communities what it is today, is standing watching them in this tiny, sun-bleached craft. Yes, there's someone for me too, standing on that highest spot on the island over the center of the ruins of old Fort Wood, now filled with earth, still holding the shape of an eleven-pointed star.

She has so little beauty; still, she means so much to me. Her face isn't soft toned and delicate as one might imagine a French woman's, but, instead it's shaped with hard, sharp features giving her an almost masculine appearance. Her eyes are deep-set, giving her an oriental look; her hair long and flowing with a unique star-shaped hat resting low on her head. Her light green dress hangs limply on her bulky, tall form. Her left arm is clutching something resembling a package or large book, while her right arm is raised high in the salt-filled air beckoning our boat to the island. I know she has little beauty, but that really doesn't matter . . . it's what she means to me that counts. She stands for so much in my life and my ideals, reminding me of the reason she was destined to remain on that island. To me, she'll always be a symbol of the ideals of humanity, standing there on that island in the same golden dress she wore when she first arrived. She'll always be holding a torch beckoning me and other men to follow the virtues she symbolizes. Her broken shackles that rest near her feet will remind me of the tyranny mankind should flee from.

The blare of the loud-speaker giving directions as to where and when the visitors must return to the boat has just begun. It's going to be a short stay and probably the last one for me. I'd better get some pictures of her. Oh, if only pictures told her story, she certainly would never be on that island in vain. Well, I suppose I'd better get ready to leave the boat or I'll be the last one to climb the stairs to the Statue of Liberty.

essay, honorable mention

# *I WONDER*

by stephanie christman '62

MY BRAIN COULD be compared to a busy department store—things rushing in and out of it constantly. But, just as few people will actually buy anything in the department store, little that enters my brain will really be understood. Oh, it's not hard to realize that one and one are two, or that Columbus discovered America in 1492; but there are so many things to think about and to wonder about.

Take people in general, for instance. Out of all the billions of people on the face of the earth, why are no two alike? What makes one family like a particular house or city, while another family wouldn't live there for all the tea in China? Or why is it that one person loves tomatoes while his father or mother may hate them? Or why is it that when a teacher assigns sixty students the same theme topic that no two papers are remotely the same? The lady sitting across from me on the bus—is she happy, is she dejected, what's her name, what is she going to do when she gets home? All these things puzzle me.

Then, too, as I really begin to think and meditate, I start to wonder about things I could never fathom. For instance, what is it like never to be able to see or walk again, or not to be able to speak or read? How can a person ever kill himself or anyone else? Or how can a white man think that he is better than a Negro? I don't really want to find answers to these questions.

Lastly, I wonder about myself, and the people I am concerned with. What is the person with whom I am dancing thinking, and is he wondering what I am thinking? Why am I here, and how would I be if I lived somewhere else with different people? I wonder about these and many other things all the time. Am I the only one who wonders about these things, or do you, too?

poetry, honorable mention

by jay madson '63

# IDEAS

Many thoughts go through the mind;
New ideas one will find;
Some, fortunately, will always be,
The facts, the plan of reality.

These new ideas try to change
The present living to a newer range;
People, set in their ways of the past,
Cannot come to think these ideas will last.

If these ideas were to stop or aban,
It would surely alter the benefit of man;
The dissatisfaction of the changing scene,
Would not please Thee by any means.

sketch, honorable mention

# Because I've Grown Old

by lovey barbier '62

HE SAID GOOD NIGHT, but no one even heard him. Picking up his pipe and cane, he lifelessly toddled to the stairway. He stopped to look about the room. Looking from one end to another, he saw the people most important to him and yet they didn't ever stop to think twice about him. To them, he was just an "old man," a clumsy burden to all of them.

Janie, his eldest granddaughter, was talking on the phone to one of her friends. She never took the time to talk to him. Janie was always busy with her friends. Twelve years ago you couldn't get her off his lap for anything. She was always wanting to have Grandpa read to her or tell her stories. That was twelve years ago. Now Janie lived in her own fashionable world, but he loved her just the same.

Billy was inactively doing his homework in front of the TV, and watching "Paladin" at the same time. Billy, only in eighth grade, knew anything about everything and everything about anything. Grandpa used to help him build things with his erector set. That was several years ago, before Grandpa had grown so shaky that he had to attempt three or four times before he could pick up anything. This morning at breakfast when he tried to pour Billy's milk, he just couldn't steady the pitcher on the glass long enough to do it, and the whole thing tipped over. He didn't mean any harm, and yet his family looked at him as if he were an imbecile.

Mary Lyn, ideal wife and mother, loved her

Illustrated by KATHY RAYFORD '62

husband and children very much. She always kept the house in fine order and had three meals on the table every day. Mary Lyn was always busy with sewing, knitting, and social activities. Sweet Mary Lyn, though annoyed by Grandpa no end, would never say a word to him about it. She didn't have to say anything at all. His daughter-in-law was the only woman he had ever known in all of his life who could be more cutting without opening her mouth than other persons could with a speech. The effects of the speech and a mere side glance from Mary Lyn were not even comparable as to which would hurt the more.

Closest to him was his son Dale. He loved Dale because he was truly the one thing that made all his dreams of his younger days complete. His entire life after Dale was born was to give him the best and to see to it that he was happy. Grandpa was sorry that he couldn't still give him everything he wanted. Now, however, Grandpa was the one with wants; he wanted to be treated as if he were alive by the people he loved, not as if he were a walking corpse. Nevertheless, he was proud of Dale, who made a great success as a lawyer and who did keep a roof over his head and see that he was content, physically.

As he looked about the room, he saw his family, well-knit, close, and beloved, the four of them. He was an onlooker. Turning his head and clutching his cane quickly, he started up the stairs. The time it took to reach the top was hard to say. His mind was in so many different places as he went up the steps that he didn't notice the tiring effect that generally pulled on him as he climbed the stairs. Reaching the top, he started slowly down the hall to his room at the end of the hall. He opened the door and placed his cane by the bedside. He looked up and there on his wall was a picture of "the four of them." In that instant, he could feel his eyes suddenly grow warm with moisture and his heart and the lump in his throat grow almost too heavy to bear anymore. Feeling for his cane, he walked to his closet and took out his set of luggage. He couldn't be a burden to those he loved any longer. Who would take him? Where would he go? Who wanted an old man? With all of these questions twisting at his mind at once, he looked at the picture of "the four of them," and he looked at his luggage. He knew what he must do.

**editorial, fifth place**
**by john heffernan '61**

# Driver's License:

## HOW TO GET IT

NOWADAYS getting a driver's license isn't any problem at all. All students approaching their sixteenth birthdays enroll in the driver's education courses in high school, and most of them expect the instructor to do practically everything for them except write the final exam. The State Motor Vehicle Department provides a booklet for these prospective drivers in which the rules of the road are presented in detail.

After receiving a temporary license, a sixteen year old may drive under adult supervision during daylight for a period of ten days. Then comes the driver's test. Under the watchful eye of a state officer, the student proves that he can make the correct turns in all directions, can make quick stops, and can park properly.

There really is no problem in getting a license. After passing Driver's Education and the state test and obtaining some insurance, the student is licensed by the state to operate any four-wheeled vehicle.

## HOW TO LOSE IT

LOSING A DRIVER'S license is another matter. It's something the beginning driver will have to struggle through himself. Since no competent instruction is available, a student must turn to his own imagination. He will have to write his own tests.

Here are some examples of "Sure Losers": (1) Drive down Eighth Street (south) at forty miles an hour with vehicle in low gear. (2) Execute a U-turn around the imaginary island at Eighth and Washington. (3) Casually ignore policeman standing on aforesaid island. (4) Don't overstuff your wallet. Leave your driver's license at home. (5) If driving a foreign car, act like a foreigner. Drive on the left side.

So you lose your license. For how long? A year? Don't start regretting it now. Look on the bright side of things. Think of all the lives you'll save.

book review, third place

by cathy belinske '62

# The Ugly American

**by William J. Lederer and Eugene Burdick**
**Published by Fawcett Publication, Inc.**
**Greenwich, Conn.**

WHAT GOES ON behind the secret red-tape curtain of American Diplomacy is revealed in **The Ugly American,** the shocking and frightening novel written by William J. Lederer and Eugene Burdick.

Quoting the **New York Herald Tribune:** "If this were not a free country, this book would be banned . . . A Bombshell."

**The Ugly American** stimulates the thought and action of its readers by the blunt, forceful, and completely persuasive account it gives of the snarling deceit that has been cast into the bed of our public relations, not only in Asia, but throughout the world.

A committee under the new Kennedy administration has recommended to President Kennedy that talented young men and women volunteer their services to the country by training for foreign field service, in which they could do much to help the under-developed nations in the world today and to help raise our national prestige. In Washington recently, Congress has begun proceedings to alter the salaries of American ambassadors to foreign countries. **The Ugly American** may have had a forcing influence on the decisions made in Congress and the Foreign Service Committee.

The Honorable Louis Sears, American, and Louis Krupitzyn, Russian, were Ambassadors to Sarkkan. Sears, short, fat, and bald, had served as a popular and successful U. S. senator for eighteen years. Winning most of his elections to Congress by pure luck, Sears became known as Lucky Lou.

Lucky was given a post in Sarkhan as Ambassador. With a salary of $17,500, an entertainment allowance of $15,000, liquor tax free, and an Ambassador's mansion, Lucky Lou set off to Sarkhan. He gave no thought to the fact that he did not know the Sarkhanese language or customs.

At the same time, Louis Krupitzyn left Russia well trained for his duty in Sarkhan.

After attending the Moscow School of Southeast Asian Areas, Krupitzyn was assigned as Ambassador to Sarkhan. By taking music lessons, ballet lessons, and learning the new language, Louis molded himself into the Sarkhanese pattern of life. Also known as Lucky Lou because of his progress in becoming a great communist, Krupitzyn made friends for Russia. He promised shiploads of grain to the people of the typhoon-blustered land. At the same time, American grain ships headed for Sarkhan. Upon arriving, the ships were greeted by the Prime Minister and his excellency Louis Sears. Sirens blew and speeches were made. While men unloaded and weighed the grain, Sarkhanese words were imprinted on the bags. American trucks were loaded and driven to the areas of the hunger-ridden people. When the trucks arrived, a loudspeaker astonishingly announced in Sarkhanese that this grain was that promised by the Russian Ambassador. The bewildered crowd exclaimed that the trucks were from America. The Russian Ambassador slyly answered that the trucks were hired from the Americans who, he explained, would do anything to make a profit. On each bag of grain there was written in Sarkhanese for every citizen to read, "This bag is a gift from Russia."

This is one of the many slashing incidents in the text of **The Ugly American.** In the best-selling novel that is making diplomatic history, Lederer and Burdick added: "Although the characters are indeed imaginary and the name of Sarkhan is fiction, each of the small tragic events we have described has happened . . . many times. Too many times. We believe that if such things happen, they will multiply into a pattern of disaster."

sketch, honorable mention

# A Lesson in Human Relations

by sue gutheil '61

"WELL, SAL, you know it's been a great evening . . ."

"Yes, Kenny! It's been really fun, and, you know, I'll never forget the olive in my pizza burger. Don't you think an olive in a pizzaburger is neat?"

Here I am rambling on and on again, not able to face the silence whose icy fingers, as those of terror, quicken my pulse and force the breath from me in puffs of desperation.

The skin of my hand feels like the cold damp cement, lifeless, at my feet. The usually warm, radiant face of the moon keeps glaring down as if to sneer. "Now, how will you escape him?" Even the walls of our entrance, so welcome and familiar, are closing in on me. Oh, I long to run from him and, later to awake from this bad dream!

But this is reality! The end of another date. The goodnight to another "great guy" who is just too persistent. Somehow, I'll have to thank him for the evening and slip from the gaze of his blood-shot eyes.

Oooh! He's jamming his hands in his pockets. What can that mean?

"Sal, you mean a lot to me, you know . . ."

"Uh-uh-uh, there you go again Kenny; I know, I'm like a mother! Why you should jes see me when I call in the chickens!"

Oh my gosh! I just can't hurt his feelings but this bluff is nearly obvious. Who can run in and stop production of this melodrama? At least, who can tell me how to swallow this hot lump in my throat?

His hand, that's it, that's it!! I'll grab it, squeeze it, and pivot!

"Kenny, you're such a sharp guy! G'niiiight."

"Do you really think soooooo? Gee . . ."

Whew! Safe at last! Oh, relief! Oh, how can I ever get caught again! Well, he WAS dull, but then he WAS a boy. And then, too, you might say it's a valuable lesson in human relations . . .

poetry, third place tie

by john heffernan '61

# PROBLEMS

What'll you be?
What'll you do?
Go-Go Northwestern
Or Fight-Fight Purdue?

Colleges are full?
What can you do?
Write Uncle Samuel,
He's waiting for you.

short story, honorable mention

by cheryl oberbillig '62

# An American:

## Nothing More, Nothing Less

THE EARLY MORNING sunlight poked its way under the partly raised shade and shone on a little spot in the middle of the mahogany floor. Gradually growing bigger and bigger as the sun came up, the spot brought the first bit of sunny warmth to the dreary little room.

Mona heard the quick step of a slim nurse as she approached the door. She recognized the soft squeak of the rubber-soled shoes, which told her that the person nearing her door was the same young supervisor who had come in at this minute every other morning. She was the one with the inability to smile and such an abruptness in answer, that the young mother wondered whether she had ever heard the true definition of a sentence.

The supervisor entered, glanced at Mona, and, without a word, marched over to the window. With a quick snap of her wrist, she gave the shade a powerful yank, and watched it as it went into orbit around the rod.

"Tea or milk? . . . . Oatmeal or cream of wheat?", the nurse blurted out suddenly. Then, without waiting for an answer, she started for the door.

"When can I see my baby?" Mona asked hesitantly.

"Wait!" was the R. N.'s immediate reply, and she disappeared into the hall.

Mona thought about the young nurse for quite a while. She was a very pretty girl, with shapely figure and shiny black hair. Her beautiful hazel eyes seemed to express only one emotion; a deep bitterness for someone or something.

The nurse wasn't treating Mona very nicely at all, and she hadn't ever since Mona had arrived at the hospital. But, still, she didn't seem to be acting so badly toward everyone else. Of course, how could Mona really judge the nurse's actions? She had been cooped up in this room all of the time. Nevertheless, there was something that made Mona uneasy, and she couldn't help but worry about it. She saw that look in the nurse's eye that she had seen in the eyes of so many others. People were polite and sometimes even nice to her, that is when they spoke to her over the telephone. The butcher had even offered to give her a special rate on a chicken when Tom had been laid off work, until she picked it up instead of Tom, who had always stopped in after work for their order. She remembered the look on his face when he saw her and how he had stammered around trying to explain that he just couldn't afford to give one customer a special price without giving all of the rest one too. She'd never forget that cold harsh stare. How could she? It was part of her everyday life.

She was scared and insecure. Having a child to take care of was a big responsibility, and the prospect that he would be subject to what she was going through made it a hard one. How could she explain people and their ways of thinking to him as he grew up, or even when he was a small child. She had been hurt many times when she was younger and she hadn't been able to understand the actions of her neighbors. There were times now when she couldn't understand them, the nurse especially! Being in the profession that she was in, one would think that she would do her best to try to improve the spirits of her patients. Mona couldn't see where there could be any room for a prejudiced person on a hospital staff.

Mona detected a faint squeak, with a definite rhythm, that brought her out of her trance. She knew that the nurse was bringing young Johnny to her because this was the only crib with a squeaky wheel.

As the nurse pushed the crib through the doorway, Johnny began to cry. It was the good healthy cry of a four and a half day old baby, and a handsome child at that. He had a shock of dark brown hair, beautiful brown eyes, long slender fingers, and the most handsome face she had ever seen.

She lifted him into her arms and rested his

head on her shoulder. He whimpered a little and then be began to smile. It was a happy carefree smile. He had never experienced race discrimination and starched people like the young supervisor. In her heart she wished that he never would grow up and be exposed to life and the task of living it. She knew he must. She knew, recalling her own childhood days, that he would be stunned at the actions of his friends and neighbors. She realized the responsibility that lay before her, but now, for the first time, she was able to look at the bright side of things and see that somewhere there was security for her and her baby; a security that she was determined to find.

She looked at the tiny figure peacefully nestled in her arms and whispered this fervent plea: "Whatever you do, my child, don't let them degrade you. You'll reach the top, and when you do you'll rank with the best of them. They'll look up to you and remember that even though your skin is a little darker than theirs is, and your eyes slanted and a bit narrower, your heart is good and sincere. And please, little Johnny, don't forget, you're an American; nothing more and nothing less."

She closed her eyes and slept—a peaceful sleep.

**essay, fourth place** **by bonnie hoffman '61**

# FRIENDSHIP

HOW DOES ONE lose friendship? The time one asks this is the time one finds himself faced with the loss of a certain friendship. There are times when either side can sense the trouble coming in the wind a long way off. At other times this kind of trouble strikes without warning, leaving either or both parties to ponder a solution. The latter is worse. It is the loss that leaves the same numb and painless effect on the emotions as the dentist causes when he freezes a tooth. When this effect wears off, a person's mind feels the psychological pain which often becomes a physical ache. It is simply an empty loneliness.

At this stage the mind begins to ponder the eternal why, why, why? A painful smile and eyes that now gaze into the past begin the quest for a solution. This searching goes on for a while, but the healthy person soon realizes it only makes more misery and still doesn't answer the why.

A difficult step must now be taken. Many sufferers refuse to look into this "mirror," as I call it. "What did I do to provoke this loss?" Those who shut their eyes before this "mirror" should expect no answer for the solution to their woes. "God helps those who help themselves." How truly this can be applied in answer's quest. Go forward! No one has ever been able to turn time back as the final solution; why try? So, in lonely courage one picks up and trudges on.

Progress is being made. Was it my fault or was it his? No matter. If it's true friendship the act of showing love covers the transgression just as covering the transgression shows love.

"Love conquers all," it has been said. This principle must be carried into practice to reach the final solution. Now the time comes to swallow one's pride and face the other's cold walled attitude. Then starts the thought, love better be able to melt this wall or "all" will end up conquering love. One crosses his fingers and ever so slowly applies love's torch. Human instinct becomes the torch's gauge on how much heat to apply and for how long.

The task is no easy one. To begin with, lost friendship's "hole in the wall" was burned by the torch, one's self, and the same torch filled that hole with sharp words and resulting hard feelings. This weld cooled. Now the job has to be done over. This time the torch must kindle only love and replace the old hate-weld with friendship.

The picture I have drawn gives my general formula for solving the loss of friendship. Whether it is my experience or someone else's, each person who wishes to use this formula must find fitting words for his torch and his fitting solution. Friendship's loss should be quickly remedied. For once hate's weld becomes hardened, the heart also hardens.

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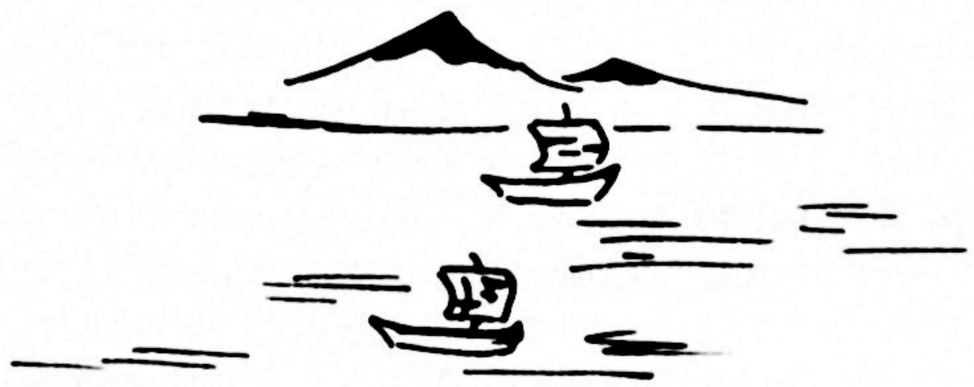

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Salathe's Bakery, 901 No. 11th Street
Schaus, Emil, Hardware & Sheet Metal, 912 Jay Street
Schmidt's Service Station, 802 No. 8th Street
Schuette Construction Co., 3901 Custer Street
Schwantes Mfg. Co., 1544 No. 8th Street
Schwartz, R. O., Atty., 926 So. 8th Street
Segerson, Dr. J. S., Dentist, 9 North 8th Street
Sell, Dr. Richard, Dentist, 926 So. 8th Street
Sempier Heating, Menasha Avenue
Sheehan, Robert B., Dentist, 104 No. 8th Street
Sherwin Williams Co., 813 Jay Street
Sigman's 1422-1424 Washington Street
Simon, Dr. 926 So. 8th Street
Sinclair Refining, 1110 Buffalo Street
Square Deal Oil Company, 2416 Washington Street
Sporting Goods Supply Co., 809 Quay Street
Steckbauer, Dr. J. W., 926 So. 8th Street
Stephani-Strupp Oil Co., 1137 So. 10th Street
Strong, Dr. R. G., 821A Washington Street
Triad Radio and Television, 115 No. 10th Street
Veteran's Club, 902 York Street
Vogue Beauty Shop, 7 No. 8th Street
Webb's Service Station, 1201 Washington Street
Westinghouse Laundromat, 1302 Washington Street
White House Milk Co., 102 Revere Drive
Williamson's Time Shop, 113 No. 8th Street
Yost, Dr. R. G., 918 Washington Street

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